

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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LOWERING THE U. S. FLAGSTAFF, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MAJOR ANDERSON, AT FORT MOULTRIE, CHARLESTON HARBOR, S. C. ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT, 1860.—SEE PAGE 145.



The following extract from a Scotch paper takes us back to Shakespeare's tragedy of *Macbeth*:—On the 17th, at Gwior Castle, the Earl and Countess of Devon were entertained to their tenantry to celebrate the eleventh birthday of their son, the Viscount Macduff. During the evening there was a ball, and at the supper the health of the Earl of Fife and Viscount Macduff were severally given and honored, after which the health of the countess was proposed, to which she responded in a brilliant speech, remarking, "Macbeth is to the backbone. I glory myself in drink all your coat healths. I am glad to



see you here, and I hope we may all live to meet on many anniversaries of my boy's birthday. I will have great pleasure in writing to him to-morrow; and when I tell him how you proposed his health, and how you all received it, I am quite sure he will be very much gratified. I have great pleasure in seeing the volunteers here to-night. I may say that if the invader does not interfere with us, we have no wish to molest him; but if he does interfere with us, our army of volunteers, called into existence by the bare idea of invasion, will scatter the reality to the winds."

### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

#### Salutation.

KIND readers and very good friends, a happy New Year to all! We were gloomy last week; the outside world troubled us, and we forgot what was due to you, to the time and to the season. It is not, however, too late to make the *amende honorable*, so once again we say, a happy New Year to you all, north, south, east and west. We extend to you the hand of good fellowship, and we wish that we could bring all those hands together and make you friends all round. It is a sad thing to see brothers quarrelling, to hear hard words bandied about from one to the other—words which breed such bitter blood and which are so hard to unsay, and worst of all to feel that all this threatens to forcibly disrupt one of the noblest families that Time ever saw banded together. Are there no peacemakers in the world? Has that holy mission no human representative? Are our pastors, our men of God, all political partizans, and swayed by the same reckless passions which lead and sway the mob?

What a spectacle for the Governments and peoples of Europe to gaze upon! How it will strengthen the chains of the enslaved! How it will crush out the hopes of those who aspire to be free! It has been said, over there, again and again, that our system was but an experiment; now it will be said that it has failed!

Shame, shame! upon those who could have healed the breach and would not. If one man dies, killed by a brother's hand, through their faithlessness to the Union, his blood will be upon their heads, and a hecatomb of victims will follow, loading their names with obloquy, curses and contempt unto the end of time.

The advent of the new year to us, personally, is a circumstance for congratulation. No year since the establishment of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER has commenced so auspiciously. Subscriptions come in more largely than ever before, not only to our newspaper, but to our *Monthly*, our *Budget of Fun* and our German Newspaper, *Illustrirte Zeitung*, while our advertising department has never been so large or so profitable. We cannot ask for any more gratifying sign of the increasing popularity of our publications, nor offer any more sterling proof of our stability than the statement of these business facts. To us therefore, personally, the new year is very welcome indeed.

Others take a more sentimental view of the event. To them it suggests retrospection, and how few of us there are to whom retrospection would afford only pleasurable reminiscences! One correspondent, evidently in the melting mood, troubled with thoughts which make the heart throb and the eyes overflow, has sent us

#### A New Year's Reverie.

I often in the twilight sit,  
Beside my silent fire,  
And muse upon the sacred dead—  
On sister, son and sire;  
Until methinks I see them peer  
From out the dusky gloom,  
Although I know their bodies rest  
Far off within the tomb.

And slowly rising from the past,  
Scenes of a bygone day  
Float mistily before my soul,  
And gently fade away.  
Then rousing from my reverie,  
Tears full of anguish start,  
As the hoarded weight of memory  
Falls down upon my heart.

This is all very well, and many will no doubt sympathize with the writer and feel the full force of the sad reflections, which spoke out in him in verse; but we have a more philosophical customer to deal with, one who looks upon the event in a practical, hard-headed way. Whether his is the right philosophy or not we will not decide. We will let him speak for himself, and leave our readers to judge:

#### A New Year's Reverie.

Eighteen sixty is dead and gone!  
I saw his last flickering moments fly,  
I felt quite bad,  
A kinder sad—  
But over spill'd milk it's of no use to cry.

I had a new love last year,  
I thought her gentle, truthful, but shy  
As a little kitten;  
She gave me the mitten!—  
But over spill'd milk it's of no use to cry.

I had a dear friend last year;  
I thought him a man of the true guinea die,  
I lent him my cash—  
He went all to smash!  
But over spill'd milk it's of no use to cry.

I had a great "spec" last year;  
My dreams were unbanded, my hopes soared high—  
One master stroke—  
"Yours truly" broke—  
But over spill'd milk it's of no use to cry.

I lost friend and love last year;  
I "burst," and I'm glad the old rascal did die,  
And if the new year  
Does not bring better cheer—  
Well! over spill'd milk 'twill be useless to cry!

#### A New Sensation.

We are enabled, we think, to announce the important information that the Academy of Music will be opened shortly for an operatic season—number of nights not stated. Still a season is a season. We have had them of all lengths, from one night up to fifty nights, so that we are prepared for anything. We are to have a bran new singer, one whose success in South America has been, as the advance notices say, awful, tremendous. It is said that a great revolution (a South American revolution) remained in suspense when she sang, and collapsed immediately afterwards. We will not vouch for this statement. Still reports do speak very highly of Signorina Elena, and if she justifies Madame Rumor's account she will assuredly make a success. She will be sustained by the talented company of "Associated Artists," under the direction of Signor Muzio.

#### Returning to first Principles.

People are beginning to think that the Academy of Music is too "big" a thing entirely. Many of the old and most influential operators refer back to the pleasant times every one had at the old Astor Place Opera House, where every one went *en grande tenue*, and every one knew everybody else. When they went not only to hear the singers but the music, and where all felt as though they were at a social evening party, and as comfortable as they well could feel. It is being whispered about that, perhaps if we had a smaller house, adapted not only for heating and seating, but for visiting purposes, with a good but not expensive company, but with all the surroundings in perfect keeping, it could be supported and made to pay at less cost to the public and the managers, and with greater enjoyment to all. Whether the rumor will shape itself into action or not we cannot say, but that it is viewed with much favor in many quarters is quite certain.

#### Opening of the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

It is said that Long Island is shaken to its very centre, and also to its extremest ends, in anticipation of the forthcoming great event, the opening of the Brooklyn Academy of Music. We are not surprised, for our water-separated cousins may well be proud of the splendid edifice which their enterprise and liberality has raised up in their midst. Brooklyn has hitherto been entirely dependent upon New York for her better class of amusements. This was very good for New York, but it was a heavy tax, and a great inconvenience to the citizens of Brooklyn. The movement, therefore, to erect an Opera House was in accordance with the spirit of the times

and in obedience to the wants and wishes of the people. Some predict that it will not pay. Has our Academy of Music paid? There are stockholders' privileges to account for our failure; but from what we learn those who were influential in establishing the Brooklyn institution have acted with great liberality—have looked to the interests of the public, and not exclusively to their own selfish gratification. They have, in short, given the public an equal chance with themselves, and afforded the manager a margin which will enable him to make some profit out of his risk and labor.

Such a course of action cannot be too warmly commended, for while it redounds to the honor of all concerned, it presents the only possible chance of crowning the enterprise with success.

The opening night is fixed for Tuesday, the 15th inst. The Associated Artists, under the direction of Signor Muzio, will have the honor of giving the first performance within its walls. Let us trust that Brooklyn will turn out *en masse* on this occasion, and that New York will send its quota of music-loving fashionables to give together a brilliant inauguration to the noble art enterprise of our sister city of Brooklyn.

#### A New Story in the Home Journal.

We find in the *Home Journal* of last week the opening chapters of a new story called the "Regent's Son," by Mrs. Pullan. The plot is laid in England; the Regent is the never-to-be-too-much-abhorred Fourth George. Mrs. Pullan is a graceful, forcible and elegant writer, fearless in relating facts, but with all the finer womanly instincts. The initial chapters lead us to predict that the story of the "Regent's Son" will be one of sustained and thrilling interest, for we know that the author has had peculiar facilities for becoming acquainted with the secret history of the English Court of that period, and the history of that Court was full of strange romance and terrible reality.

We congratulate our friends of the *Home Journal* upon this additional attraction to its many other attractive features.

#### Second Annual Concert of the Seventh Regiment.

This grand event comes off on Saturday evening, January 12th. The whole regiment being concerned in it, of course it must prove an immense success. The programme is certainly very attractive, Madame Colson, Mrs. Mozart, Signor Stigelli and Carl Fornes being the principal artists. In addition to other operatic selections, the last act of the military opera "La Fille du Regiment" will be given. Theodore Thomas is the conductor. The Seventh Regiment Band and Drum Corps will perform many fine pieces of music, and among others a new composition illustrating the routine of camp life, introducing the reveille, tattoo, ceremonial music, &c. It will be a great occasion.

#### Something New to Read.

If married people desire to see their "little ways" faithfully and vividly exposed, yea, verily in print, let them read the book of M. Honoré de Balzac, called, *The Petty Annoyances of Married Life*, just published by RUDD & CARLETON. It is a terrible book! How it rips apart the delicate rose-tinted veil which the cunning of married people manufactures to conceal or mystify that worst of slavery (?) the "marriage state!" How it exposes those brutes, the husbands—their meannesses, their want of sympathy, of delicacy, appreciation and devotion; their falsehood and the numberless wrongs they heap upon poor, suffering, self-sacrificing women. We began to hate ourself before we had got half through the book, and at its close we deemed ourself but little better than one of the wicked. We must, however, add, that in the course of the narration we gathered a few drops of comfort; we found that the dear creatures were not always right; that they were sometimes too exacting; now and then a little frivolous; and that love for an "establishment" and for dress, together with vanity, a passion for admiration, and the merest trifle in the world of deceit—pardonable, of course—peeped out involuntarily; and although we knew all these charges to be false, we confess that the contemplation of their possibility had a soothing effect upon us.

The work was not written for this latitude, but human nature is the same all the world over, although the moral standards differ in different localities. Balzac is a free and easy writer; the French are a free and easy people, and *The Petty Annoyances of Married Life* is one of the most amusing books we have read in many months.

A most wise, scholarly and suggestive book, called *Guesses at Truth*, has recently been issued by TICKNOR & FIELDS, of Boston. It is the work of the brothers Hare, both ripe scholars, and both men of refined tastes and liberal judgment. The matter comprises a vast range of subjects, from a consideration of the real meaning of the expression of Cardinal Wolsey, "Ego et Rex meus," to a profound disquisition upon Christianity, unchangeable and changeable, constant and progressive. Brevities of wisdom abound throughout the book, and give a certain piquancy to the graver and longer articles. We should think that it would find its way into every library. It is brought out in most beautiful style.

*The Lake House*, by Fanny Lewald, also published by Ticknor & Fields, is a very charming story, elegantly translated from the German by Nathaniel Greene, Esq. The scene is laid chiefly in Hamburg, changing to England and Paris, and the plot is dated at the time of the Great French Revolution. The story is purely of love—a great devotion—a grand passion. It has, however, none of the sickly element of the French novel, none of that false, insidious sentiment. It depicts a true and earnest attachment, and its great sorrow is the social inequality of the lovers—the one a daughter of a peer of France, the other a son of a merchant prince. Love levels all distinctions with those who love, but the pride of the parents, the one in his unsullied nobility, the other in his proud mercantile honor, surrounds the path of the lovers with difficulty, and brings woe, death and bitter exaltation on all. It is a sad story, simply, unaffectedly but passionately told.

Anything that comes from the pen of a sensible woman is worth reading. The thoughts may not be profound, broad or comprehensive, but they will surely be tender, truthful, pure and holy, and the more we know of the inner nature of woman the wiser and better we become. When a woman writes poetry, she writes from the heart; we may miss those flashes of genius which lay bare great facts and wrestle with wrong that right may prevail, but we find revelations of a gentler nature interwoven with delicate fancies, and a wealth of love, and a yearning for love, and a broad perception of its divine principle, which in a measure compensate for all else it may lack.

We thought all this as we read the charming *Poems of Miss Rose Terry*, which Ticknor & Fields have just published, and can refer to them to illustrate the truth of our remarks. She has a charming and delicate imagination, an ardent love of nature, particularly her fairest children, flowers, a deep and tender sensibility, and a profound sentiment of the divine and overruling love. The volume contains over a hundred pieces, and from this bouquet of sweets we make a selection hap-hazard:

#### The River.

The river flows and flows away,  
A lonely stream through forests gray,  
No rippled rapids o'er it play;  
For ever and for ever.

As silent as a winter's night,  
With purple heavens all alight,  
And planets shining strangely bright,  
So quiet is the river.

No fount nor fall the vision finds,  
And in no devious course it winds,  
But straight from where the sun it shines,  
For ever and for ever.

A mystery of shade and gleam,  
O'er hidden rocks glides on the stream,  
Like sleep above a fearful dream—  
So quiet is the river.

It streams pure silver in the sun,  
Slow, sudden leech, with storms begun,  
And golden green when day is done—  
For ever and for ever.

A flow of pearl in moonlight cold,  
With noonless midnight onward rolled,  
Blackest than Lethe stream of old,  
So quiet is the river.

Oh, water! by thy waves serene,  
As tranquil hours a life hath seen,  
No more to be as they have been,  
For ever and for ever.

For underneath its restless flow,  
Too black for light's full noon to show,  
Lie broken rocks no mortal know,  
So quiet is the river.

#### Bird Music.

Singer of priceless melody,  
Unperched quiverer of air,  
Who from the little top of the tree  
Pourst at will thy music rare,  
As if a sudden brook laughed down the hillside there

The purple-blossomed fields of grass  
Waved sea-like to the idle wind;  
Thick daisies that the stars surpass,  
Being as fair and far more kind—  
All sweet uncultured things thy wild notes bring to mind.

When that enraptured overflow  
Of singing into silence dies,  
Thy rapid, fleeing pinions show  
Where all thy spell of sweetness lies,  
Gathered in one small nest from the mid earth and skies.

Unconscious of thine audience,  
Careless of praises as of blame,  
In simplicity and innocence  
Thy gentle life pursues its aim,  
So tender and serene, that we might blush for shame.

The patience of thy brooding wings  
That drop in silence day by day,  
The little crowd of callow things  
That joy for weariness repay—  
These are the living spring, thy song the fountain's spray.

#### An Engraving of Rare Interest.

A crayon-litho engraving is about to be issued which will be of great interest to thousands of our readers. The subject is, "The House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States." It will be superbly executed from an original drawing in India ink, by Schenck. The American edition will be dedicated by permission, to Bishop Brownell—presiding Bishop; and the English edition by special permission to the Prince of Wales.

An additional interest is attached to this work from the fact that the profits—of which the bishops of the various dioceses are the trustees—will be devoted to assisting to build parsonages in weak parishes in Arkansas, Texas, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska and Minnesota. A donation from the receipt of the sale will be given to the Bishops of China and Africa. The executive matter rests, we believe, with the Rev. W. T. Campbell, 708 Walnut street, Philadelphia, to whom letters and subscriptions may be addressed. Those who desire early impressions should lose no time in subscribing, as the lists close on the 1st of February. Subscriptions will also be received by the P. E. S. Union and Church Book Depository, 762 Broadway, also, at Goupil's, 772 Broadway, corner of Ninth street.

#### DRAMA.

**Winter Garden.**—The burlesque of "Mazeppa" is the only novelty since our last issue. It is an admirable burlesque, and, having enjoyed a great success in London, is now imported and redressed for the New York market. Mr. Jefferson as the hero is exquisitely droll; his *Minuet de la Cour* and single horse act eliciting shouts after shouts of laughter and applause. The piece is well got up, and better acted than any previous production during Mr. Jefferson's engagement. "Mazeppa" will probably run during the remainder of this artist's present visit.

**Niblo's.**—Mr. Forrest continues his triumphant career, signalling the fiftieth night of his engagement by his grand portrait of Damon, in Danim's play of "Damon and Pythias." Of course the house was crowded and overcrowded; so great, in fact, was the crush that hundreds were turned away from the doors shortly after they were opened. As we were among the unfortunates without seats, it is impossible to give an analysis of Mr. Forrest's performance of this popular rôle until next week.

**Laura Keane's.**—Miss Keane sails bravely both with wind and stream. The "Seven Sisters" have become seven fixed "stars."

**Wallack's.** is thronged nightly to witness the melodrama, "Pauline," and all novelties have to be set aside for the present, in consequence of the increasing furore created by the revival of this famous play.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A DESPERATE encounter took place at West Point, Miss., on Christmas day, between Mr. P. Cash and Mr. James Kinney. Mr. Cash was killed. Bystanders relate that it was the most desperate thing ever seen. They fought with bowie knives, and Cash had his throat literally cut from ear to ear. Kinney, the victor of the savage feat, had eight wounds, and was horrible to behold. The most singular fact of this is, that the bystanders did not interfere. They deserve hanging for their complicity in two murders—for Kinney is not expected to recover.

ACCIDENTS on the railroad are becoming very frequent, all of which argue carelessness, which in matters of science means murder. On Saturday night, about eleven o'clock, the Montreal freight and passenger train ran off the track, caused by the misplacement of a switch at Stuyvesant, on the Hudson River Railroad. The engine, tender and six cars were thrown off the track, the tender and four of the cars going down an embankment into the river. Fortunately none were injured. Another accident occurred on Tuesday, upon the Express Albany train, between Poughkeepsie and Rhinebeck, the connecting rod between the driving wheels broke, tearing the rear and the side of the engine house to pieces. The fireman, who was sitting upon the seat, had a most miraculous escape.

The Secession movement is driving Northerners home. Mr. Merritt Bruen returned to Morristown last week from Charleston. He was permitted by the military authorities of Charleston to take his choice between an enlistment in the service of South Carolina against the United States Government and a speedy departure from the State. He chose the latter alternative, and was accompanied on his journey northward by a number of other young men who were of a similar mind.

A WASHINGTON paper says: "The important post of Pensacola, Florida, is now well guarded. There is one company of infantry, with two vessels of war, at that station. Key West, also another highly important station, with one of the finest harbors in the world, and holding the key of the Gulf of Mexico, is occupied by a sufficient force to protect it against any attack that can be made upon it."

The great victory of New Orleans was celebrated in many cities of the Union by salutes and by dinners. Prominent among them were the banquets at Tammany Hall and the St. Nicholas Hotel. Speeches were made at both, full of attachment to the Union, although at the former Marshal Rynders said that he looked very despondingly at the present state of the nation. Daniel S. Dickinson went in for Union at all hazards. He was much applauded.

MR. BUCHANAN's cabinet has suffered another loss. In consequence of reinforcements having been dispatched to Fort Sumpter, Mr. Secretary Thompson, in whose department the Indian robbery has just been discovered, resigned his position as Secretary of the Interior.

AMONG the many propositions to save the Union, the most remarkable we have seen is that of Mr. Noel, of Missouri. He proposes to abolish the offices of President and Vice-President, and substitute three Commissioners, each having a veto power on the action of the whole. Mr. Noel also proposes to give each State the same political power in the Government; Delaware with her 91,000 population the same number of Congressmen and the same voice in Government affairs as New York with her 3,000,000. A very amusing but decidedly discordant book might be made up of the various nostrums recommended by the faculty of politicians as the best way of curing our present condition.

On Monday Mr. Buchanan sent to Congress a copy of the correspondence which had passed between him and the South Carolina Commissioners. The last letter from them was so very uncompromising, that the President returned it with this emphatic criticism: "Executive Mansion—This paper, just presented to the President, is of such a character that he declines to receive it."

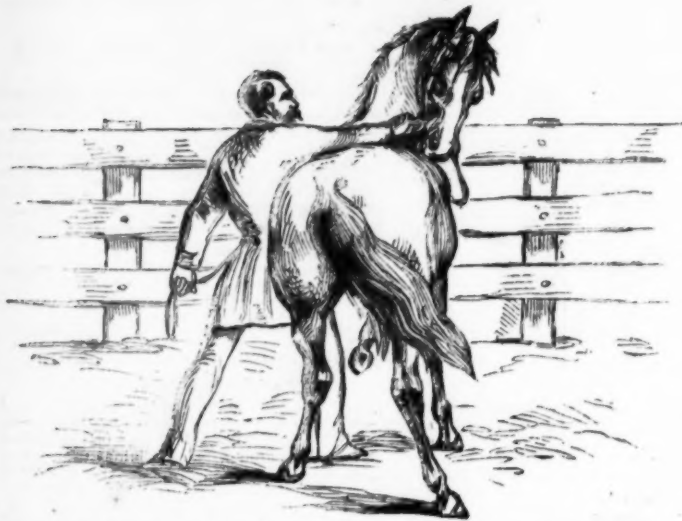
On Sunday morn the Star of the West, steamer, sailed from her pier in New York, with a large quantity of supplies for Fort Sumpter, Charleston. In order to prevent any unnecessary excitement, the steamer sailed down the bay in the evening and anchored near the Narrows. In the night a steaming took to her a detachment of troops from Governor's Island, under the command of Colonel Thomas, to reinforce Major Anderson. The Charlestonians are very indignant, and declare they will oppose her entrance into the harbor by force. The Secessionists have the command of the harbor, and as the boats and all other marks have been removed, it is feared by many that she may run aground.

On Christmas morning, a slave named Jim, belonging to James Ponder's plantation, near Tallahassee, Florida, killed Mr. Reagin, overseer, who had chastised him some days before. Jim unexpectedly approached Mr. R., and dashed in his skull with an axe, and then cut his throat and ripped open his bowels. He left the dead man where he fell, and went to Mr. Ponder's house and told them what he had done. The next day he was tried by a jury of citizens and hung.

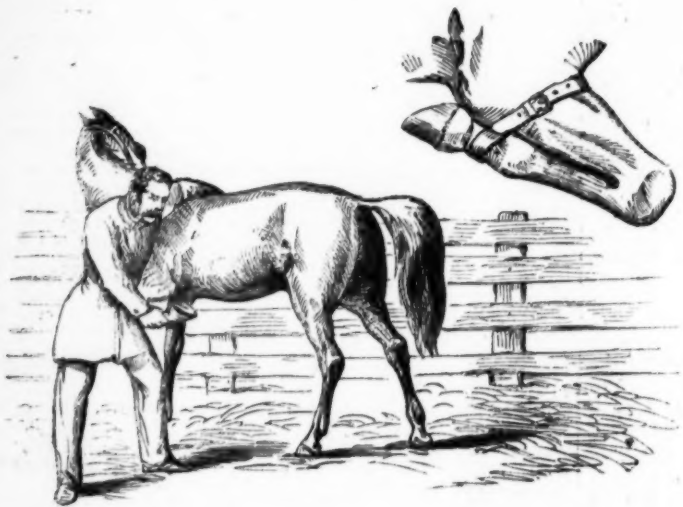
ABOUT eight years ago, a family of Evanses was very nearly exterminated by a family of Hills in Garrard county, Ky. On the night of Monday, the 31st ult., at their residence in Lost Island, three of the Hills—James, William and Russell Hill, were surrounded by several persons who shot at and killed them. The names of the assassins were not known; but two individuals had been arrested on suspicion. One of them is a policeman in Louisville.



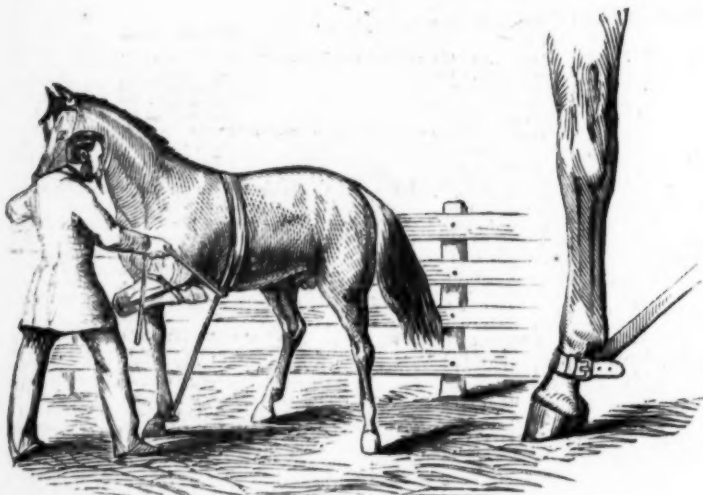
## MR. RAREY, THE GREAT HORSE TAMER'S FIRST EXHIBITION IN AMERICA—HIS SYSTEM EXEMPLIFIED.



MR. RAREY APPROACHING THE HORSE BY TURNING THE HEAD AWAY, BY MEANS OF REIN, TO GUARD AGAINST BITING.



TAKING UP THE HORSE'S FORE-LEG AND STRAPPING IT—HEAD IN THE SAME POSITION. CUT SHOWING LEG AS STRAPPED UP.



THE FIRST PULL AFTER THE STRAP IS APPLIED TO THE RIGHT FORE-LEG—CUT SHOWING RIGHT FORE-LEG STRAPPED.



HORSE STRUGGLING WITH RAREY, AFTER BEING PULLED DOWN—RAREY GIVES HIM TIME AND ROOM TO BECOME ACCUSTOMED TO THE NEW POSITION.

Mr. RAREY, whose marvellous career in England has made him the lion of the day, commenced his performances on this Continent on Saturday, at Niblo's, before an audience comprising a greater combination of all classes than we have ever before witnessed. There were journalists by the score, many prominent divines, dozens of millionaire merchants, numerous horse jockeys, beside several hundred of the fairer sex, whose natural curiosity equals that of Queen Victoria herself, which required four special visits ere she became convinced that Rarey was indeed a rarity, not often seen, even by royalty. It is, therefore, undoubted that to be fashionable a lady must see Rarey four times.

A false stage had been laid over the regular one, and a thick matting placed over it, and on this were strewn tanbark, sawdust and fresh hay. The curtain rose, and the hero of the Hippodrome drama appeared. He is a slim, elegantly-formed man, muscular and active. You can see at once that he is a compact form of life, composure and intelligence. After the storm of applause that greeted his appearance had subsided, Mr. Rarey gave a brief recital of his

## Triumph over Cruiser,

the celebrated stallion of Lord Dorchester, which had been pronounced by all such an incorrigible brute, that but for the opportune advent of Mr. Rarey he would have been shot. This horse was so vicious that he kicked his stable all to pieces, and it had been found necessary to build one of unusual solidity for him. His food had been lowered to him, and to preserve the attendants from his fury a muzzle of leather, iron-sheathed, had been made, which he had worn for nearly two years. This was shown to the audience, and its weight was nearly fifteen pounds.

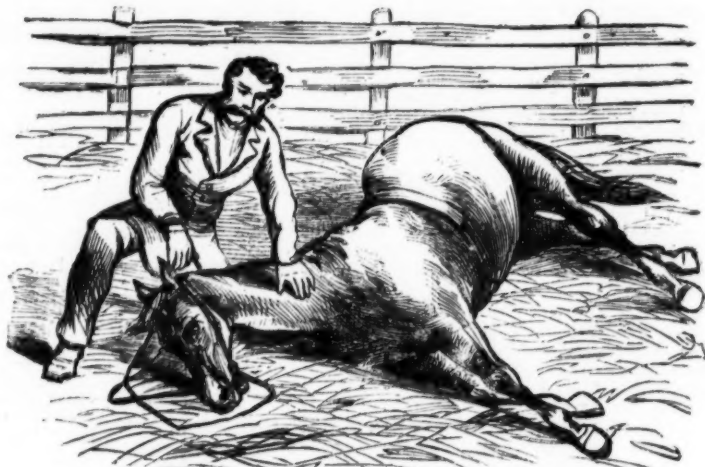
After this little history, the famous horse itself was introduced to an American public. Mr. Rarey then proceeded to show part of his system upon Cruiser, who bore it all with wonderful patience and docility. He followed Rarey about like a dog around the arena; then Rarey strapped up the near fore leg—lifting up and confining the other leg—then he threw him on the ground, and by a variety of ways showed how thoroughly he had conquered the once indomitable animal.

## How Mr. Rarey tamed Cruiser.

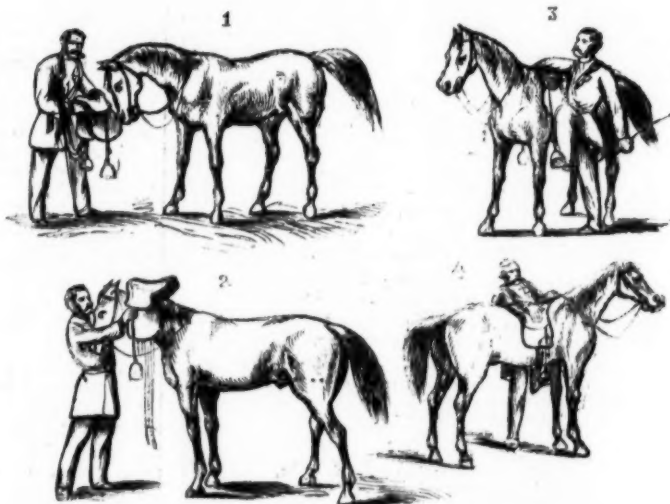
After Mr. Rarey had paraded Cruiser round the stage several times, just as a father might a petted child, he stopped, and taking two leather straps from his pocket, he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, these two straps are all that I used to tame this celebrated horse." A moment, and one of the straps dexterously placed upon the fore-leg reduced the quadruped to a tripod; the second strap was as quickly looped around the other fore-foot, and drawn through the belly-band. Cruiser took a step forward,



HORSE BECOMES TIRED AND GOES DOWN ON HIS KNEES, WITH HIS HEAD ON THE GROUND.



HORSE LIES COMPLETELY DOWN ON ONE SIDE AND YIELDS TO CONTROL.



ACCUSTOMING THE HORSE TO THE SADDLE—SHOWING IT TO HIM BY DEGREES, AND GRADUALLY PASSING IT OVER HIS HEAD. FIRST POSITION OF MOUNTING ON THE LEFT SIDE. BY PLACING THE HAND COMPLETELY OVER ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE AND BENDING THE BODY OVER AS HE MOUNTS.



MANAGING THE HORSE BY PULLING THE REIN SIDWAYS AND WALKING HIM IN A CIRCLE.



and Mr. Rarey pulled the second strap, and the animal was on his knees to his master, who fell beside him. He then rose and began pulling the horse's head backwards and forwards. Up jumped Cruiser, and quick as a flash Mr. Rarey, and before the frightened stable-boys could escape Rarey had the horse again at the footlights, and pointing to a graze on Cruiser's hip, said, "In coming over in the ship the horse wounded his hip as you see, and is consequently very restive. The consequence is he will not allow himself to be dragged about as usual. I think it right to add that I have not laid hands on him before this afternoon since he was in England."

#### Mr. Rarey conquers a Nervous, Hard-pulling Horse.

When Cruiser had withdrawn, which he did amid considerable applause, a horse was introduced to Mr. Rarey, which his owner said was so fearfully nervous and such a hard puller at the mouth, that it was not possible to drive it. The equine tamer said that the horse was the creature of impressions—if he fears you he will run away, if he is angry with you he attacks you—he is like a child in intellect, and must be treated like one. Brute force can never tame a horse completely—there is always a sore spot left, which will break out at the first opportunity. The horse must be convinced by humane treatment and undeviating firmness that man is his natural master. In saddling and harnessing a horse for the first time, the objects must be made familiar to him. He should be permitted to rub them with his nose. Above all, deception should be never used—blinding a horse on these occasions is most injurious. Deception and brute force are both failures. Mr. Rarey then went through the various stages of his process, as illustrated by our artist, and in the course of ten minutes the nervous, trembling, jibbing, hard-mouthed horse, whose jaws were impervious to the fiercest tugging, stood as quiet and docile as a lamb, while a great drum was placed at his side and beaten with violence.

#### The Wild South American Pony.

The next subject on which Mr. Rarey showed his power was a South American pony which had just arrived. It had only been broken to bear a halter, and was as untamable a bit of horseflesh as ever threw its rider or bit its groom. Rarey made numerous attempts to catch the creature's foot, which it very cleverly avoided. At length the pony became enraged, and struck Mr. Rarey with one of its fore feet. He then took hold of the right rein, and drawing the animal's head close to the shoulder, made it go round and round as though it were in a small mill. He next lifted her near foot, and in another instant the inevitable strap was on and the quadruped was reduced to a tripod. The poor dumb animal's astonishment and annoyance were evident. At last, as though disgusted with the quiet persistence of its conqueror, it rolled on the ground. After playing with her a little longer to show how completely he had overcome her wildness, he let her rise. He then mounted her, and dismounted her, repeatedly, put her unshod feet upon his head,

patted her, spoke to her, then threw his leg over her head, and in a quarter of an hour the wild steed of the Pampas was as docile as a dog. At this remarkable result the cheers of the audience reverberated through the building, and the tamer led the conquered or converted animal off the stage.

#### The Fourth and Last Triumph of Rarey.

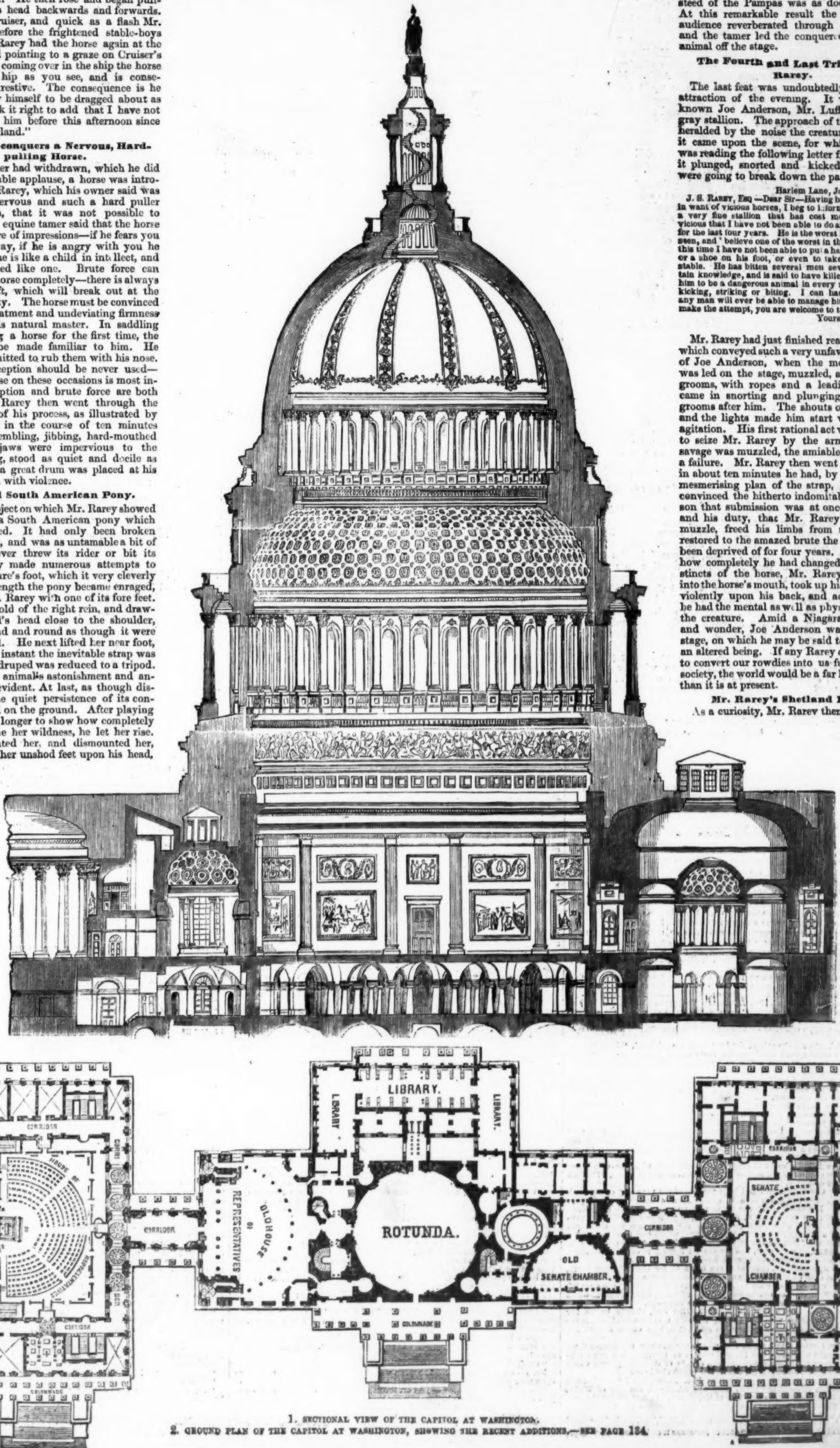
The last feat was undoubtedly the greatest attraction of the evening. It was the well-known Joe Anderson, Mr. Luff, of Harlem, gray stallion. The approach of this savage was heralded by the noise the creature made before it came upon the scene, for while Mr. Rarey was reading the following letter from its owner, it plunged, snorted and kicked as though it were going to break down the partition:

Harlem Lane, January 3, 1861.  
J. S. Rarey, Esq.—Dear Sir—Having heard that you are in want of vicious horses, I beg to inform you that I have a very fine stallion that has cost me \$2,500, but so vicious that I have not been able to do anything with him for the last four years. He is the worst horse I have ever seen, and I believe one of the worst in the world. During this time I have not been able to put a harness on his back or a shoe on his foot, or even to take him out of the stable. He has bitten several men severely to my certain knowledge, and is said to have killed two. I believe him to be a dangerous animal in every respect, either by kicking, striking or biting. I can hardly believe that any man will ever be able to manage him, but if you will make the attempt, you are welcome to try him.  
Yours truly,  
E. LUFF.

Mr. Rarey had just finished reading the letter which conveyed such a very unfavorable opinion of Joe Anderson, when the monster himself was led on the stage, muzzled, and led by two grooms, with ropes and a leading-pole. He came in snorting and plunging, dragging his grooms after him. The shouts of the audience and the lights made him start with rage and agitation. His first rational act was an attempt to seize Mr. Rarey by the arm, but as the savage was muzzled, the amiable intention was a failure. Mr. Rarey then went to work, and in about ten minutes he had, by his simple but mesmerizing plan of the strap, so completely convinced the hitherto indomitable Joe Anderson that submission was at once his pleasure and his duty, that Mr. Rarey removed the muzzle, freed his limbs from the strap, and restored to the amazed brute the liberty he had been deprived of for four years. As a proof of how completely he had changed the whole instincts of the horse, Mr. Rarey put his arm into the horse's mouth, took up his hoofs, sprang violently upon his back, and acted as though he had the mental as well as physical control of the creature. Amid a Niagara of applause and wonder, Joe Anderson was led off the stage, on which he may be said to have become an altered being. If any Rarey could be found to convert our rowdies into useful members of society, the world would be a far happier sphere than it is at present.

#### Mr. Rarey's Shetland Ponies.

As a curiosity, Mr. Rarey then had his two



1. SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

2. GROUND PLAN OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, SHOWING THE RECENT ADDITIONS.—SEE PAGE 134.



Shetland ponies brought on the stage, and certainly they were wonderful curiosities. The smallest is about five years old, and is only thirty-one inches in height. It is, most probably, the smallest horse in the world. It is in good condition. Mr. Rarey told the audience that he was of opinion that the Shetland ponies are descended from the real Arab horse, which must have got by some means or another into Scotland. He does not seem to have that admiration for the Arab horse which is accorded to it by the vulgar. He said that the full-blooded English horse was two centuries ahead of the Arab, just as the Shetland ponies before them were two centuries behind the Arab. Nothing in the shape of horseflesh, he said, could come up to the English horse.

Mr. Rarey then bowed to the audience and retired, amidst a perfect ovation of applause.

#### THE GROUND PLAN AND A SECTION OF THE CAPITOL OF WASHINGTON.

At a time when the Constitution is passing through so terrible an ordeal, it cannot fail to interest the public to see a plan of the building in which the mighty life of this republic officially resides. We therefore present to our readers a ground plan of the Capitol at Washington.

Washington himself laid the corner stone of the edifice on the 18th of September, 1793. At that time, and for some years afterwards, the sittings of the National Legislature were held in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. Of course it has had many architects; the earliest was Hallet—to him succeeded Messrs. Hadfield & Hobin, under whose superintendence the north wing was finished. Mr. Latrobe directed the building of the south wing, and prepared the Halls for the reception of Congress. In 1812 the British partially destroyed the edifice, which remained in its ruined state till 1815, when Mr. Latrobe resumed for two years his superintendence. It is, however, conceded, that to Mr. Hadfield belongs the honor of the general design.

The style is Roman Corinthian, modelled somewhat after the Pantheon of Rome. The proportions originally of the dome and rotunda of our Capitol being identically the same with the ancient example. So precisely was the dome copied from its original, that, like that of the Pantheon, it was left unfinished. Michael Angelo, in erecting St. Peter's, took the Pantheon as a model for its proportions, and the most celebrated architects of all ages, since the erection of that building, have followed it as a model of style; and it was therefore judiciously selected by Mr. Hadfield, as it harmonised most perfectly with the beautiful irregularity of the grounds upon which the gigantic edifice was to be erected.

The idea of enlarging the Capitol was first suggested by the constant increase of representatives in the Lower House, and the subject was naturally agitated, but many years elapsed before it was brought officially to the notice of Congress. On the 28th of May, 1848, Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, proposed in the Senate that the Committees of both Houses act together in maturing a plan of action with regard to the demanded enlargement.

In its original form, the Capitol measured three hundred and fifty-two feet four inches front, by one hundred and twenty-one feet in depth. The extensions, which are so important in their character, have extended the frontage nearly four hundred feet, so that now it presents a magnificent façade of nearly seven hundred and fifty feet.

The building is still incomplete, the dome having yet to be added. Some doubts were expressed as to whether the old building was strong enough to sustain the weight of iron of which the dome is to be composed, but arrangements were made to secure such additional strength as to dispel all doubts on that score. The work is slowly progressing, so slowly that it is hardly possible to conjecture when it will be completed; but when that happy event is accomplished, the Federal Capitol will boast of one of the most imposing and magnificent public buildings in the world.

### CHALDECOTTE HALL;

OR,

### THE MURDER AT SEA.

A Mr. FAVELL, in the year 1823, found himself a widower with one child, a little girl of a year and a half old, named after her mother Agnes.

The circumstances attending the death of Mrs. Favell had been of the most painful nature, and had not only given at the time a great shock to the mind of Mr. Favell, but had left a never ending regret.

The young wife had been drowned on a pleasure excursion from a romantic part of the Isle of Wight, and on the day when not a breath of wind ruffled the sea, and when the summer time was in all its beauty. Mr. Favell himself was not of the party, but he had persuaded his wife to go, although she had been reluctant to leave him at home, where he was compelled to stay in order to receive a visitor in the person of a professional man who had been commissioned to purchase for the residence of the Favells an estate named Chaldecotte Hall.

It is the name of that estate that I have thought proper to append to this sketch, since it had so important a bearing upon the fortunes of the persons interested in it—namely, Mr. Favell, his wife, and his daughter Agnes.

The pleasure-party in which Mrs. Favell and the joyous party had embarked was passing a spot close to Alum Bay, where, in clear weather and when the sea is limpid and free from the disturbance of squally weather, you may see, some fathoms deep, a complete submarine forest in miniature of beautiful seaweed.

Mrs. Favell bent over the side of the boat as she exclaimed, "How beautiful!" She by some means overbalanced herself, and fell over, cleaving the still water like an arrow from a bow, and sunk gradually without a struggle, and never rose again.

Not a soul in the boat could swim or dive to recover her, and they saw with horror and consternation her body lying in a picturesque attitude and half floating among the sea-weed.

It was three hours before the body was recovered, but not before it had been seen in the strange position it occupied by the frantic Mr. Favell, who had to be held forcibly from leaping down to join it.

The depth was nine fathoms, and it was thought by the medical men who attended the inquest that the sudden chill of Mrs. Favell's immersion in the water had produced a fainting fit, from which of course she had never recovered.

Poor Mr. Favell had a long and dangerous illness, from which he only recovered to be the shadow of his former self, and to concentrate all his affections upon his infant daughter.

The estate of Chaldecotte Hall had been purchased the very day of the death of Mrs. Favell. She had never seen it, and Mr. Favell himself had only paid one visit to it. It was his last, for in life he never would look upon it again.

This estate was in the county of Devonshire, about four miles from Devonport, and was one of the most considerable in the immediate neighborhood. It consisted of a beautiful old manor-house or hall, which had been built in the reign of James the First, for one of the favorites of that strange compound of cunning, ferocity, and weakness, and the domain around it consisted of about six hundred acres of beautifully wooded land.

When I saw it, it had been suffered to run to waste for about thirteen years, and I never set eyes on a more romantic, enchanting spot in all my life.

There were some cottages bordering the estate, so that it brought in a rental; and the grass land was let out to neighboring farmers; therefore there was a revenue attached to the property, although not a large one.

Now it had happened that Mrs. Favell's mother had, shortly before her daughter Agnes's union with Mr. Favell, married a second husband, in the person of a Dr. Crofton—or a person, at all events, who called himself Dr. Crofton.

That this Dr. Crofton was a needy and most unscrupulous adventurer there could be no doubt whatever; and his soul motive in marrying a woman considerably his senior, was the possession of a couple of thousand pounds which she had in the funds, and upon the interest of which she lived.

Upon the sad intelligence of the death of Mrs. Favell, this Dr. Crofton and the mother-in-law immediately made their appearance at the Isle of Wight, and proffered their services in any way to Mr. Favell. In fact, during the long and serious illness that he went through, they took complete possession of the manor villa he occupied at Bournemouth, and of the little Agnes. In fact, when he recovered, he found himself completely in the hands of the Croftons.

The estate of Chaldecotte Hall had cost to purchase it eight thousand pounds,

irrespective of the growing timber, which was valued at two thousand more; and there were fixtures, and so on, about the mansion and gardens, which made the total purchase money amount to a sum exceeding thirteen thousand pounds.

But of all this the Croftons knew nothing, and it was quite a surprise to them when, on his recovery, Mr. Favell told them he had such a property.

In addition to the information that Chaldecotte Hall was his, he surprised them still more by adding that he would never set foot in it, and that he intended to go to the West Indies with his child, where he had a sister settled and married to a high functionary of one of the most healthy of the islands.

And what was to become of Chaldecotte Hall?

That was the pertinent question put by the Croftons to Mr. Favell. His reply was clear and distinct.

"The mansion shall be closed, and no one shall reside in it until my daughter shall choose to take possession of it, or to sell it. The produce of the cottages and the fields can be transmitted to me, after payment of such expenses as may be incurred in keeping the Hall in outward repair."

It was in vain that the Croftons kindly intimated that they would have no objection to the world to take care of the Hall for Mr. Favell. He was firm, but he was persuaded to let them have the care of the estate, and from that moment they said nothing more on the subject.

Within two months Mr. Favell, with his infant daughter, set sail for Jamaica.

The next day the Croftons took possession of Chaldecotte Hall, despite the orders of Mr. Favell that it should be shut up.

Those orders, however, had only been given in words, and to the Croftons themselves, therefore they could easily disregard them.

The Croftons were six months at Chaldecotte.

Not a servant would live with them, on account of their perpetual quarrels; and at length, on one wild and tempestuous night in February, Dr. Crofton went to the lodge, in which resided a gardener and his wife, and asked if they had seen his wife pass the gate.

They had not.

"Very well," he said. "She left the Hall about four hours ago, and said she would go to London, therefore I shall not stay here any longer. I have had letters from Mr. Favell, in which he desires that if I do not choose to live at the Hall, it should be shut up, and boards nailed over the outer door. You can still reside here in the lodge, and look after the gardens, at the same wages you now receive; but it will be entirely on condition that you keep any one from intruding into the mansion on any pretence whatever."

Of course this was agreed to by the gardener and his wife; and that very night the wooden planks were nailed over the outer doors of the Hall, and Dr. Crofton went to his bed.

So Chaldecotte Hall, from that time until some remarkable circumstances caused the shutters and its door to be opened, remained in the undisturbed occupation of rats, mice, spiders, &c.

Nobody ever saw Mrs. Crofton after that day, and Dr. Crofton resided in London, and led a life of great riot and extravagance, nobody knowing where he could find the means to do so, unless he intercepted the whole of the income from Chaldecotte Hall, instead of sending it to Mr. Favell.

It turned out afterwards, that not only did he intercept the whole of that income, but that he was spending the two thousand pounds that had belonged to his wife, who had so mysteriously disappeared. And with the possession of such an amount of ready money, credit was easy; so that in about twelve years, which ran on before the main incidents of this story took place, Dr. Crofton had managed to live at the rate of over a thousand a year, and was deep in debt.

It appeared that this villainous *debauché* had kept up a correspondence with Mr. Favell, and had persuaded him, by sending fictitious vouchers, that he had invested in London, year after year, all the proceeds of Chaldecotte Hall.

But the end of all that duplicity, and all that criminality, was surely to come. I have now in my possession the copy of a letter which reached Dr. Crofton, and the original of which was found among his effects when the ministers of the law felt they had a right to institute a search at the chambers he occupied in Jermyn street, London.

That letter was from the sister of Mr. Favell, and dated Antigua, West Indies. It will speak for itself.

"ANTIGUA, West Indies, January 7th, 1823.

To Dr. Crofton.

"Sir: I have the melancholy intelligence to convey to you that my brother, Mr. Favell, is no more. A search among his papers, by my husband, has brought out the fact that you have the care of an estate in England belonging to him, called Chaldecotte Hall; and as he left all his property, of every description whatever, to his only child, Agnes, who is now fourteen years of age, it will be necessary for you to see Mr. Whittington, a solicitor of London, who will call on you soon after you receive this, as he has been written to by this same post.

"Mr. Whittington is entrusted by my husband, who is Attorney-General here, with the conduct of the affairs of the late Mr. Favell, and he would himself have written to you, but being absent at Jamaica, we would not lose this mail to England.

"Miss Agnes Favell will leave here in the ship *Bramah*, which will reach England about the end of July next, we hope. No doubt you will hear of that young lady on her arrival in London. She bears with her an attested copy of her father's will, which was made two years since. I have seen the document.

"I am sir, yours obediently,

"ANNA HORSHAM."

There can be no doubt but that the receipt of this letter completely put an end to the calm and enjoyment—if such a man could be cognizant of such sensations—of Dr. Crofton's life.

Chaldecotte Hall and its revenues would be wrenched from him, and he would be asked at once for a reckoning of the past twelve years' money he had received.

No wonder, then, that Dr. Crofton thought that something must be done, and that quickly, too.

Step by step, I made it my business to find out the whole of his proceedings, and they were just these.

By a very little inquiry, he ascertained that the *Bramah*, which was the ship in which Agnes Favell was to come home, would touch at Madeira, both to disembark passengers and to receive them, should there be any from that island to England.

By taking a passage in some outward-bound vessel for Madeira, Dr. Crofton found that he could get there many days before the arrival of the *Bramah* from the West Indies. His plan, then, was quite clear, from his subsequent acts and ultimate confession.

He meant to go on board the *Bramah* at Madeira in another name than Crofton, and if Agnes were there as a passenger, take some opportunity of murdering the young creature; after which he would come back to England and forge a will, leaving him the Chaldecotte Hall estate in the name of the late Mr. Favell, and sell it at once, and be off somewhere else with the proceeds, which would be considerable, as the value of landed property in the neighborhood of Devonport had increased at least one-fourth since Mr. Favell purchased Chaldecotte.

This atrocious plan, on the part of Dr. Crofton, appeared as if, without the cognizance of any plying angel to interpose for the preservation of Agnes Favell, to be succeeding just as he would wish it.

He reached Madeira, and put up at a hotel at Funchal as Mr. Brown, and waited for the *Bramah*, which at length reached the island.

Mr. Brown took his passage in the *Bramah* back to England, so soon as he found out that there was on board the ship a young lady as a passenger whose name was Favell.

For two days Crofton kept himself aloof from Agnes; but on the third the Mr. Brown, as he called himself, appeared at the breakfast-table.

He sat next to Agnes Favell.

She was a gentle, kindly-hearted girl; a little delicate in appearance, as if somewhat overtaxed by the warm climate she had been transplanted so early in life to; but there was nothing positively unhealthy about her appearance.

The Mr. Brown who sat next to her was assiduous in his attentions to the young creature; and as he looked quite odd to be her father, and wore great blue spectacles, and had rather an earnest style of dress, on poor Agnes found nothing to suspect in the man who was looking for an opportunity to destroy her.

Day by day this Mr. Brown, who, like many men of his class, possessed a certain insinuation of address, paid much attention to the young heiress of Chaldecotte Hall; but the ship was rather full of passengers, and he had not been able to get Agnes completely isolated from the cabin passengers, except on one or two occasions, and then only for a few brief seconds.

The villain was getting uneasy. The good ship *Bramah* was nearing England fast. What he meant to do he felt must be done quickly, or not at all.

No pity rose up in his obdurate heart for the fair and gentle girl, almost a child, whom he dogged from deck to cabin with murderous intentions; and little did she suspect that the quiet, gentlemanly Mr. Brown was on board that ship with but one object, and that her murder. How gently he would discourse about the wonders of the deep—about kind hearts at home, who would be so glad to see him, he said, when he got back to his dear family circle!

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the ship, with a favoring wind, was slowly nearing the Land's End, when, in the saloon, the discourse began upon the superstition of sailors that to sleep in the moonbeams produced insanity.

There was considerable hilarity upon that and upon other subjects; and Mr. Brown said, among other remarks, "I am sorry to say I have lost one very near and dear to me by drowning; and it is said that when that is the case one has a superstitious dread of all phenomena connected with the sea or the elements."

Mr. Brown had got thus far when Agnes Favell burst into tears and left the saloon.

"I am sorry you said what you did, Mr. Brown," said an elderly lady who was present, "because Miss Favell has informed me her mother was drowned."

"Good Heaven!" said Mr. Brown, "I would not have said such a thing for the world if I had known that. I will go and make my apologies. Where is she?"

"On deck, I think."

Mr. Brown went on deck. The moon was shining with beautiful refulgence upon the sea and upon the ship. Agnes was seated, weeping, in the shadow of a little deck cabin, which was just aft the mainmast, and which nearly occupied the whole of the deck.

She was leaning on the larboard bulwark, looking at the sea.

"My dear Miss Favell," said Mr. Brown, with a soft voice, and tones of great sympathy, "it is one of the most extraordinary things in the world that I should know your mother."

"You—you, sir! Oh, heaven, did you indeed know my mother?"

"I did indeed."

"Oh, tell me then—tell me—no, no. Alas! I know too much; and yet my father would never tell me the precise manner of her death."

"I know it."

Agnes shuddered.

"You will, sir—you can, then, tell me all?"

"I can. I was present."

This was an untruth on the part of Crofton, but it had its full effect upon the imagination of Agnes. Here was a man who might, too, be said to have seen her mother die. A terrible curiosity took possession of the orphan girl, and she said:

"Oh, sir, if what you say be true, indeed I implore you to tell me all; for nothing that is real can exceed or reach what my fancy at times paints to me as that terrible scene."

"I can, and will, tell you all!"

"Now—now."

"No. My own feelings are too much affected; and besides, it is too moonlight."

"Too moonlight, sir?"

"Yes; but if to-morrow night there should be a cloudy sky, and you will come up to this spot after dark, I will tell you all. One thing, however, I do not mind telling you now, because it will afford you some food for reflection."

"What—oh, what?"

"I have seen your mother since she was dead!"

"Ah, yes, you saw her dead body?"

"No; her spirit. Call it an apparition, if you like!"

"Good heaven!"

The young girl trembled from head to foot.

"Yes, I saw the spirit of your mother once in a moonbeam, and I don't like too much moonlight ever since. Good night, Miss Favell! Remember, to-morrow night, if it should be dark and cloudy."

The villain left poor Agnes Favell with her lips apart, her face pale as death, and such a look of terror upon her countenance that the actual apparition of her mother could scarcely have more appalled her.

"Well," said Mr. Brown, when he reached the saloon again, "I wish some of you ladies would go up and bring down Miss Favell, for she is in the moonlight; and from what she said to me I could almost believe her not in her right senses. She looks so odd, too!"

Several of the lady passengers immediately went upon deck in search of Agnes, and they brought her down in an evident state of fright and excitement.

Her only reply to questions was that she would like to go to rest, so they let her retire to her berth, and the discourse about lunar influences and so on gathered fresh zest from this apparent illustration of their effect upon Agnes.

The next night came. Clouds were lowering over the sky from the south-west, and some dashing showers had fallen. There was no moonlight that night.

It was about nine o'clock on that evening, in the midst of a slant shower of fine rain, that Agnes, wrapped in a shawl, stepped out on the cabin deck to the place of her appointment with Mr. Brown.

He was there.

The squally character of the weather had cleared the decks. The man at the wheel was hidden by the deck cabin.

Mr. Brown, alias Doctor Crofton, and the young orphan girl were alone. The ship surged through the water under rather a press of sail, which shut out all the forepart of the vessel from sight; and the only sounds were the sighing of the wind in the cordage and the rush of the ripple past the bows of the good ship.

"Now, sir, now," said Agnes, in a voice of great concern, "now I beg of you to tell me all."

"I will, my dear! But have you nothing to tell me?"

"I, sir?"

"Yes. Don't you think that as a friend of your poor lost mother's, I am anxious about you? How is it I find you alone on board this vessel?"

"Ah, sir, my father is no more. I am an orphan!"

"Alas, alas! And destitute?"

"Oh, no, no! I have property in England. There is an estate named Chaldecotte Hall."

"Is there?"

"Yes; and it is mine. I am to go to a Mr. Whittington in London, and he is to seek a Mr. or Dr. Crofton, who has a large sum of money for me."

"Ah—oh!"

"Yes. But, oh! if I could only bring back father or mother, or both, how gladly would I consent to be poor—to be destitute—to beg my bread!"

Agnes sobbed as if her heart would break.

"My dear child," said Mr. Brown, "control your feelings. Did your father make a will?"

"Oh, yes, yes."

"It is in the West Indies, I fancy?"

"No; I have it. I have a small box which my dear Aunt Horsham told me to keep in my berth all the voyage. It contains my father's will, his letters, and all matters that will enable me to claim my own."

"In your berth, is it?"

"Yes."

"Addressed?"

"My name on it."

"A black box?"

"No; a box covered with strong white canvas."

"Well, it doesn't matter. Did you ever hear your father speak about Doctor Crofton?"

"Oh, yes! Father thought he was a bad man, and so did Aunt; and that is why Mr. Whittington was told to look sharp after him."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. He married grandma, you know—but I am telling you things, and not you me, it seems. Oh! Mr. Brown, do not mind me crying, but tell me all about my poor dear mother, who—who was drowned?"

"I will. There was a boat—"

"A boat? Yes?"

"And your mother was looking over the side of it, as you might look over here into the sea."

"Into the sea! How odd and luminous it looks!"

Strange, sparkling fish were making their way past the bows of the *Bramah*, and the young girl gazed at the sparkle of the phosphorescent scales with a dreamy look.

"Yes; your mother was looking into the sea, as you are."

"As I am?"

"Just so. And she thought she saw something far down—deep down."

"Deep down?"

"Very; and so—"

"And so—don't mind me crying, sir!"

"Not a bit."

"Well? Oh, tell me all!"

"I'll do better."

"Better, sir?"

"Yes! I will show you. Over she went, as you go now!"

There was a scream, which startled the man at the wheel—which startled the passengers in the cabin, and the crew in the fore-cabin. The first mate came running aft. He met Mr. Brown whistling and clapping his hands.

"There it goes!" he said.

"What, sir—what?"

"Over the mainsail—a big, strange bird! Did you not hear it cry out?"

"I did, indeed! Was it a bird?"

"Oh, yes! I saw it!"

A sail on the larboard bow! sung out a lookout man, at this moment.

There was a rushing sound, and a small yacht, with a red light at the gaff, flew past the *Bramah*.

"It's chilly," said Mr. Brown.

"Very, sir," replied the man.

"I think I will turn in."

"You had better, sir. It will be a dirty night."

"No doubt—no doubt! Good night!"

Mr. Brown that night went, quite by mistake, as he said, into the ladies' cabin, but he came out of it with a small box covered with sail-cloth. He met the stewardess at the door.

"How stupid of me!" he said. "I was actually taking possession of a lady's berth, and going to place my shaving tackle there. Absurd! I shall never know well the inside of a ship."



like a fish, and the yacht picked her up none the worse for her sea bath, and brought her to Bristol, from whence, in company with some of the ladies of Lord Arden's party, she went to London and sought out my brother; and told a most remarkable tale."

"What was it? About a mermaid or the sea serpent?"

"Neither. But she said there was a man on board the *Bramah* who called himself Mr. Brown, and that he won not her confidence exactly, but certainly her attention, by pretending he knew her mother; and that, under pretence of detailing to her particulars of her mother's death, he decoyed her one night to a lonely part of the ship and actually pushed her overboard."

"A strange tale, that?"

"It is. But my brother is quite satisfied of her identity, and she is staying with him; and he has written to me that she will come down to me, and I am fully authorized to put her in possession of Chaldecotte Hall, the rents of which estate have been received for a long time by a Dr. Crofton, in London, who, it appears, has absconded."

"I shall be glad to see your little niece," said I, "when she is with you; and I only wish you had time to go with me about the country a little, as I have no more business on hand, but must stay, as the courts will not break up for another week."

"I am quite at your service," replied Mr. Whittington, "so soon as Miss Favell is arrived and settled at my house with my family, for I fancy the Hall will not be fit to receive her for some time."

I dined with Mr. Whittington that day, and by the coach that came in at four o'clock in the afternoon there arrived Agnes Favell, who had had so remarkable an escape from death. One glance at the fair, innocent face of the young girl was quite sufficient to convince any one of the entire truth of anything she might say. There was a winning charm and sweetness about her manner and look that inexpressibly delighted me.

"Miss Favell," I said, "you surely cannot mean to live all alone at Chaldecotte?"

"Oh, no! But it was my dear father's wish that some part of the year I should stay there; and I hope to find some good, kind lady, who will be my friend and companion. You know, sir, I have no father, no mother, no brother, no sister."

A separate tear seemed to come into her sweet eyes as she pronounced each of these terms of relationship, and I was compelled to cough several times to keep down my own emotion.

At this moment one of Mr. Whittington's clerks tapped at the door of the room, and said, "If you please, sir, there is news come that a large ship has been lying on the Broad Sands, about fifteen miles from the rock shoal for a day and a night, and she has nearly gone to pieces; and the pilots say she is the *Bramah*, from Antigua."

Agnes clasped her hands together with emotion.

"That is the ship," said I, "you were in."

"Yes—oh, yes!"

"We must see to this," said Mr. Whittington. "It will indeed be a judgment of Providence if the *Bramah* be lost and all on board have perished, while we have the pleasure to see Miss Favell here, safe and well, by the very means which were meant for her destruction."

There was quite an excitement in and about Devonport about the wreck of the *Bramah*, and towards night several of the vessels that had gone off to her brought in word that she had gone completely to pieces, and that it was believed all on board had perished, as dead bodies were continually washed on shore at Sandwith Bay.

We had an idea of going to look for Mr. Brown, with the spectacles, but hardly thought it worth while; and so the matter seemed to end. A week rolled by, and Mr. Whittington, and I, and Agnes—and, in fact, all his family—had paid a visit to Chaldecotte Hall, and it was then I first saw it in all its luxuriant and neglected beauty.

The boards were taken down from the door, and the windows were all opened. Such furniture as had escaped the ravages of time was assembled in the great dining-hall, and in some of the upper rooms.

Then Agnes, who had engaged the services and the companionship of an elderly lady—a relation to the Whittingtons—said she would inhabit the Hall until the winter.

About five thousand pounds' worth of timber was found available on the estate; and indeed the plantations would be all the better for thinning to that extent, and the operation would provide Agnes with ready money.

The affair, interesting as it was, seemed at an end; but it was far from being so.

It was my last day at Devonport, and I was staying with Mr. Whittington, when a visitor was announced of the name of Hatton. I rose to go.

"Oh, don't stir," said Mr. Whittington. "It is only a professional friend—a solicitor—Mr. Charles Hatton. No doubt he wants to consult me about something. Ah! how are you, Hatton?"

"Quite well, I thank you."

"This is Mr. Hatton, Mr. —"

The introduction to me was made, and we both bowed.

"I suppose," said Mr. Hatton, "that I may say anything before Mr. —"

"Certainly—certainly."

"Well, then, I think you were concerned in that case of the heiress-at-law of Chaldecotte Hall?"

"The heiress-at-law is there now, Hatton, and in full possession of all her rights."

"Ah, well, there is a firm in London of not the brightest character, from whom I have received this letter. Just read it, and tell me what you think of it."

Mr. Hatton produced a letter, and to our ineffable surprise it ran as follows:

"NEW INN, LONDON.

"To Charles Hatton, Esq., Solicitor, Devonport:

"Sir—May we request you, on agency terms, to act for us on behalf of our client, Dr. Crofton, legatee of an estate called Chaldecotte Hall, in your immediate neighborhood? The late owner of the estate, Mr. Favell, has died in Antigua, and devised the property to Dr. Crofton, who has produced a testamentary paper to that effect. Dr. Crofton contemplates an immediate visit to Devonport, to inspect his property, and will call on you.

"We are, sir,

"Your obedient servants,

"LEVI, ARBESGEO & LEWIS."

"When this specimen of polite letter-writing was concluded we all looked at each other in astonishment.

"Why," exclaimed Mr. Whittington, "Mr. Favell's own child has possession of the estate, and this very Dr. Crofton owes us seven thousand three hundred and twenty-seven pounds eleven shillings and one penny!"

"Does he?"

"Of course he does? The rascal received all the produce of the estate for Mr. Favell, and has absconded. Moreover, Miss Favell was actually in possession of her father's will on board the *Bramah*, which, you know, foundered and all hands were lost, the other day. I told you the story."

"You did."

"My dear Hatton, I am glad you have come to me. Have you answered this letter?"

"No."

"Then do, and say how delighted we shall be to see Dr. Crofton."

"Alas! Mr. Brown!" exclaimed I, as I dashed my hand on the table with a sudden impulse I could not resist; for the whole truth had flashed, so to speak, across my mind, as if by some inspiration, and not at all by any process of inductive thought.

"Good Heavens!" said Mr. Whittington.

"You see," I added, "he went to Madeira. That was the time of the disappearance of Dr. Crofton from London. He got on board the *Bramah*; he tried to drown Agnes. The *Bramah* is then wrecked, but there is a proverb that saved Crofton—'Those who are born to be hanged cannot be drowned.' This Dr. Crofton is our man. Agnes will identify him as the Mr. Brown who attempted her life. Oh, it is all clear! He thinks her dead—her father's will in the sea. He has forged another will, no doubt, leaving him the estate."

"Stop, stop!" cried Mr. Whittington; "you make my head run round."

"The villain!" exclaimed Mr. Hatton.

"Sir," I added, "will you act with us?"

"With all my heart!"

"Thank you—thank you! Then write to the solicitors in New Inn to say how delighted you will be to see Dr. Crofton and take him over the estate."

"I will."

"We will then take him there, all three of us. He shall be seen and identified by Agnes, and then all is over with Mr. Brown."

Let the reader now imagine Mr. Hatton's letter of encouragement to Dr. Crofton written. Imagine an answer, saying that in two days he will arrive; and towards the close of a beautiful autumnal day see a postchaise and four arrive at Mr. Hatton's house, from which alights a man richly dressed, but with evident marks of dissipation on his face.

"Dr. Crofton!" announces Mr. Hatton's man-servant.

Another moment, and the learned doctor is in the room, where we are all three pretending to sit over our wine, as it is after dinner.

"Mr. Hatton?" said Crofton, with an inquiring look.

"I am Mr. Hatton. These are my friends, Smith and Jones."

"Oh! ah! Glad to see you, gentlemen."

"I hope you have had a pleasant journey," said I.

"Dusty—dusty, sir; but well enough. Ah! that is refreshing! Good claret that, Mr. Hatton!"

"I am glad you like it, sir. Will you dismiss the postchaise?"

"No. I am impatient to see Chaldecotte Hall. My dear friend and relation, Mr. Favell, has, I fear, left me a troublesome property, and if I do not see it at once I shall dream about it all night."

"It is a fine property, sir," said Mr. Hatton—"a very fine property. Thinking you would like to see it in as good a state as possible, I have had the house opened, and fires lighted, and the—"

"Confound you, sir, how dared you?"

Dr. Crofton turned as white as a sheet.

"Sir?" said Hatton.

"Pardon me—I am not quite well. I hope you have thoroughly routed out the east tower?"

"No; that was found sealed up, so we did not open it at all."

Dr. Crofton drew a deep breath of relief, and then he said, "Pardon me, gentlemen, I don't mean to be rude; but I have a hasty way with me, that's all. Out of respect for my dear old friend and relation, Mr. Favell, I shall pass this night at Chaldecotte Hall."

"Alone, sir?" said I.

"Yes, sir, alone. And if, Mr. Hatton, you will put me in possession, I should like to go at once."

"Directly, sir, directly. I have only to leave some directions with my clerk."

"Good night, Mr. Smith! Good night, Mr. Jones!"

This Mr. Whittington and I understood to be a hint for us to be off as soon as we could. We ran to a livery-stable close at hand, and got two horses, and were off to Chaldecotte Hall at once.

I asked to see Agnes, and she was soon with us in the fine old dining-hall.

"My dear Miss Favell," I said, "a man will come here whom you will know. I think." I then told her all that had happened, and ended by saying, "Will you follow my advice, Miss Favell, and I think you may be saved some trouble and litigation?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I will."

"Then when the man is here will you be close to the door, and when you hear Mr. Hatton say, 'There is a time for all things,' will you come into the room, and walk slowly up to this Dr. Crofton, and say, 'I am here, Mr. Brown. What of my mother?'"

"I will—I will say it," faltered Agnes.

"It is not to hurt your feelings," I added; "but I want to attack the fears of the villain who is, and who has been, your enemy."

I then hastily wrote a note to Mr. Hatton, in which I told him what was arranged, and charged a servant to give it to him. There was but just time for all this when the postchaise came grinding up the avenue to the house.

Mr. Whittington and I hid behind the folds of an enormous folding screen that was in the dining-room, and we saw Mr. Hatton and Dr. Crofton enter the room.

"I have received a note," said Mr. Hatton.

That was intended for me.

"Sir?" said Crofton.

"I was only saying I had received a note left for me. Well, Dr. Crofton, here is your hall."

Crofton looked slowly round him, and then he said, "There are servants here."

"Yes, doctor; I sent them in temporarily."

"Well, well, I will pass to-night here. The hall is warm. I did not expect to find it in such good condition. Is there wine in the cellars?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Come, we will have a bottle. Ha, ha! You shall drink with me."

"There is a time for all things," said Mr. Hatton, in rather a loud voice.

A tall door opened in the wall exactly opposite to where Crofton sat; and at the same time the door of the hall opened, and a man came in, and he was Mr. Brown, the man who had murdered the mother of his wife, the mother-in-law of Mr. Favell, whom he had murdered twelve years ago.

"I am here, Mr. Brown!" she said. "What of my mother?"

Dr. Crofton, whom she at once recognized as the Mr. Brown of the *Bramah*, uttered one awful scream, and fell backward with a crash, chair and all. He then sprang to his feet, and tried to leap bodily through one of the windows of the hall. The window and its frame crashed before his weight; but an iron trellis-work that was outside resisted him, and he was hurled back by his own impetus, bruised and mangled, and insensible, into the hall.

The blow he got across the chest from the iron-work outside the window killed Dr. Crofton; but before he breathed his last, which was about sunset the next day, he made a full confession, and added to it that in a closet at the end of the east wing of the Hall would be found the corpse of his wife, the mother-in-law of Mr. Favell, whom he had murdered twelve years ago.

A skeleton, and the remnants of some female apparel found there, confirmed the story.

Pretty little Agnes Favell has been married and happy years since. She lives now, and will recognise, under feigned names, this startling episode of her early life.

## THE EVACUATION OF FORT MOULTRIE.

BROWNING'S magnificent lines—

There are two moments in a diver's life—  
One, when a beggar he prepares to plunge;  
Then, when a prince he rises with his pearl.

apply admirably to Major Anderson's recent *coup d'état* upon the conservative heart of the American people. Without going into the abstract merits of the great question now at issue, and regarding it simply as a military act, it is patent to all that it has at once elevated the gallant Kentuckian to a very prominent position in the public eye, and whatever may be the result, it has made him the hero of the political hour. So many accounts have been published of the reasons which induced, and the method in which the transfer of his command from one fort to another was made, that the public has a very uncertain and confused idea of the facts. We are, therefore, very happy to be able to give an exact representation of the whole affair.

A few minutes after sundown on the 26th ult., the men were ordered by Major Anderson to hold themselves in readiness with knapsacks packed, but till the moment of embarkation arrived none of them had the slightest suspicion that Fort Moultrie was to be abandoned and Fort Sumpter to be occupied. Major Anderson, when they were all assembled, then reviewed them on parade, and ordered their immediate embarkation on board two schooners which were lying close to the fort. The necessary stores were taken with them. The schooners made several trips during the night, but the brightness of the moon was such that it afforded but little concealment had the Secessionists been on the *qui vive*.

Lieutenant Davis says, that in one trip he went right under the bows of the guard-ship *Nina*, which had been appointed by the South Carolinians to watch the harbor.

We can readily enter into the feelings which must have agitated Major Anderson's heart as he superintended this important move, which he took upon his own responsibility—for it is now conceded that neither the President nor the Secretary of War had contemplated such a contingency. As we said in our last, Fort Sumpter was the key to Fort Moultrie, which was untenable should Fort Sumpter be taken by the Secessionists. As a military man, therefore, it was clearly the duty of Anderson to make himself secure against capture or destruction.

### Destruction of the United States Flagstaff at Fort Moultrie.

Before evacuating Fort Moultrie, Major Anderson ordered the flagstaff to be cut down, evidently to prevent the hoisting of the Palmetto flag upon it. Before the next dawn the entire force—excepting Captain Foster and two men who were left on guard—had been removed to Fort Sumpter. The indignation of the Charlestonians was very great when they discovered next morning that the Stars and Stripes had been taken down from Fort Moultrie and transferred to Fort Sumpter, and General Clinch with the company under his command landed on Sullivan's Island from the *Nina*, and advanced to the walls of the apparently deserted fort. They found the gates open, and when they entered the small force left by Major Anderson withdrew. Another flagstaff was hastily rigged, and in less than an hour the Palmetto flag waved from its height. Sentinels were placed on the ramparts, and their measured tread echoed a solemn accompaniment to the "All's well!" with which they saluted each other.

## THE STAR OF THE WEST CONVEYS TROOPS TO FORT SUMPTER.

On attempting to enter Charleston Harbor she is fired upon from Morris Island and Fort Moultrie.

THE news from Charleston, which arrived on the 9th inst., was generally doubted, but was fully confirmed on the 10th instant. The *Star of the West*, bearing a reinforcement of troops for Fort Sumpter, on attempting to enter Charleston harbor was fired upon by the South Carolinian military in possession of Fort Moultrie. It is said that some of the shots struck the steamer, but whether any lives were sacrificed it is impossible to say, as the *Star of the West* went out to sea again, and will probably await the arrival of a man-of-war, and either transfer her troops to her or go in under her charge.

The greatest excitement prevails in every quarter, and it is said that General Scott has demanded six thousand militia to defend the District of Columbia. In the face of this terrible news, we can scarcely entertain the hope of a settlement of our difficulties without a recourse to arms and bloodshed.

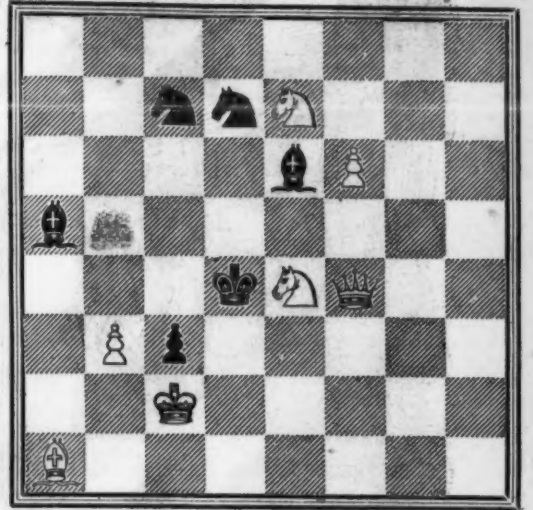
A "GENTLE" MAXIM.—Never trust a man who is meanly dressed; if his clothes are worth nothing his character is worth less.

## CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, Office of Home Life Insurance Co., 16 Wall St., N. Y.

PROBLEM No. 279.—By C. P. J., Kalamazoo, Mich. White to play and checkmate in three moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

"TACTIC."—The sum named is for the three books collectively. By express, at your expense.

THE following spirited little game was played at the Olgar Divan, Strand, London, between Mr. MAUDE, one of the leading members of the London Chess Club, and Mr. LOWN:

WHITE. Mr. L.	BLACK. Mr. M.	WHITE. Mr. L.	BLACK. Mr. M.
1 P to K4	P to K4	13 P to Q R5	Q to Kt4
2 Kt to K B3	Kt to Q B3	14 P to K R3 (d)	B to Kt5 (ch)
3 P to Q B3	Kt to K B3 (s)	15 Kt to Q3	Kt to Q4
4 P to Q3 (b)	P to Q4	16 Q to K4	P to K R4
5 P to K5	B to K B4	17 Kt to K5	B to K5
6 Kt to K4	B to K5	18 Q to K R4	K to Kt sq
7 Kt to K5	P to K5	19 Q to K R4	K to Kt sq
8 Kt to K5	Q to K4	20 K to K R4	Q to Kt5
9 Q to K B3	Q to K5	21 Q to K5	Mates in three moves.
10 P to Q R4	Q to K5		

(a) This is the correct defence at this juncture; any other move would give White the advantage.

(b) A bad move. It unnecessarily imprisons White's K's B. We should have preferred playing P to Q4 instead.

(c) Had White moved P to Q4, Black would have obtained an excellent game by B to Q R4.

(d) Ingenious; the sacrifice is quite sound.

THE following game is recommended to the pursuit of our readers, on account of its having been played between a veteran amateur of the London Chess Club and a lady amateur, the latter, as will be seen, evincing such aptitude for the game as to cause her experienced antagonist to look well to his laurels:

WHITE. Lady.	BLACK. Amateur.	WHITE. Amateur.	BLACK. Amateur.
1 P to K4	Kt to K B3	16 B to K5	B to K5
2 P to Q4	Kt to B3	17 P to K5	Q to Kt4 (ch)
3 P to K5	P to Q4	18 K to K R4	Q to Q4
4 Kt to K B3	P to K5	19 Kt to K R4 (ch)	K to Kt sq
5 B to Q3	P to Q4	20 K to K R4	Q to Kt5
6 P to Q B3	Kt to Q B3	21 Q to Q R4	P to K5
7 B to Q Kt3 (s)	Q to K5	22 K to K R4	P to K5 (g)
8 Q to K4	Kt to Q3	23 Q to Q B4	P to Q5
9 Kt to Q B3	Castles	24 Kt to Q B4	P to Q6
10 Castles (b)	Q Kt to K R3 (i)	25 Kt to K5	Q to K5
11 Kt to Kt	Kt to K5	26 Kt to K5	P to Q7
12 P to Kt3 (d)	P to B5	27 Q to K R4	P to B7
13 P to Kt3 (s)	B to B4	28 K to K5	Q to Kt5 (ch)
14 Kt to Kt	B to K5	29 K to K5	and mates in two moves.
15 Kt to K5	Q to K B4		

(a) The right move at the right moment.

(b) The game is very well opened on both sides, and White has a good attack.

(c) Apparently an oversight, as White's K B is doubly defended.

(d) Cleverly played, for if Black now take Kt with K R, White takes Q B with B checking, before retaking the other piece.

(e) From this point (and the situation is worked into with great tact), White should force the game.

(f) By playing Q to Kt5 first, so as to force the advance of Black's P to Q Kt5, the lady must have won at once.

(g) Henceforward it will be seen that Black's game is played with the hand of a master.

## OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

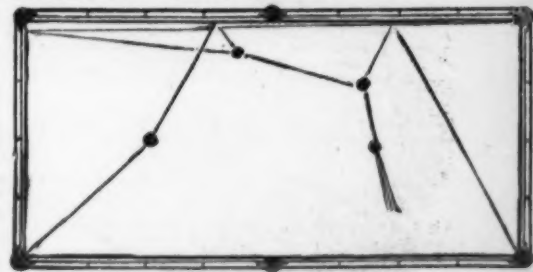
Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

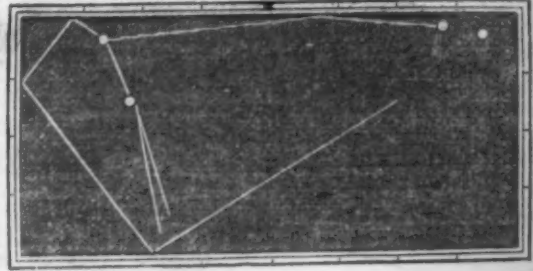
### THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

M. BERGER'S MOVEMENTS.—M. Berger arrived in this city on Monday afternoon from Baltimore, having concluded his series of exhibitions in that city. During his stay in Baltimore, M. Berger played before the various clubs, on two occasions assisted by Mr. Phelan. M. Berger starts for New Orleans in about two weeks, and will give a few exhibitions in this city previous to his departure. On these occasions he will play on an American carom table, and be assisted by Mr. Phelan and other well-known players. After having concluded his exhibitions at New Orleans, it is his intention to visit St. Louis, Cincinnati, &c., on his return route.

LIGHTENING THE TAX ON AMUSEMENT.—We are glad to see that the municipal authorities of Baltimore have reduced the tax on billiard-tables fifty per cent. It is believed that the Legislature will diminish or totally abolish the tax on those popular ministers of amusement throughout the State of Maryland at an early day.



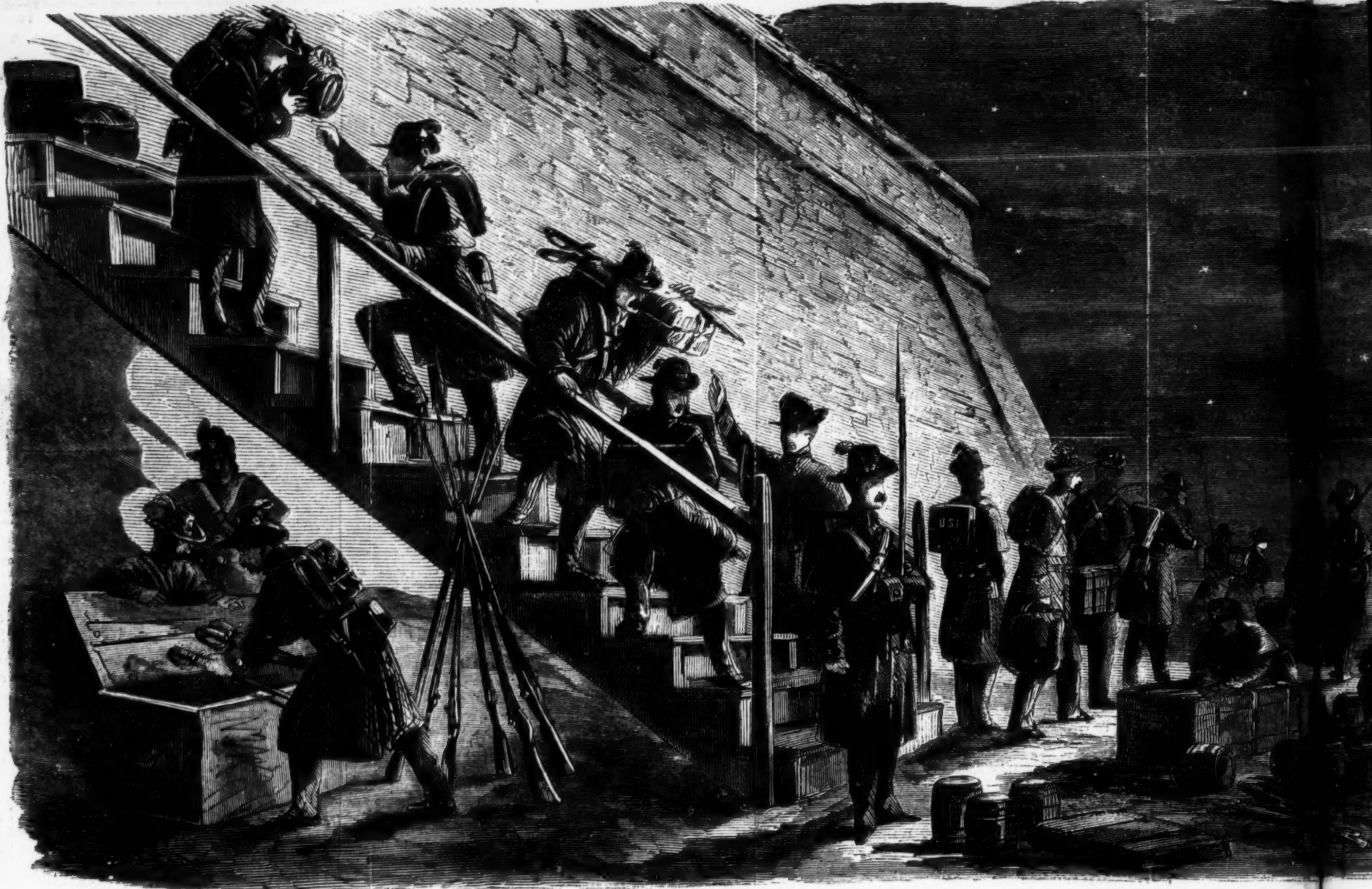
Thirteen shot made by C. E. R. at Phelan's Rooms, corner of Teath street and Broadway, and witnessed by Mr. Phelan; it being the only thirteen shot ever made during the progress of a game.



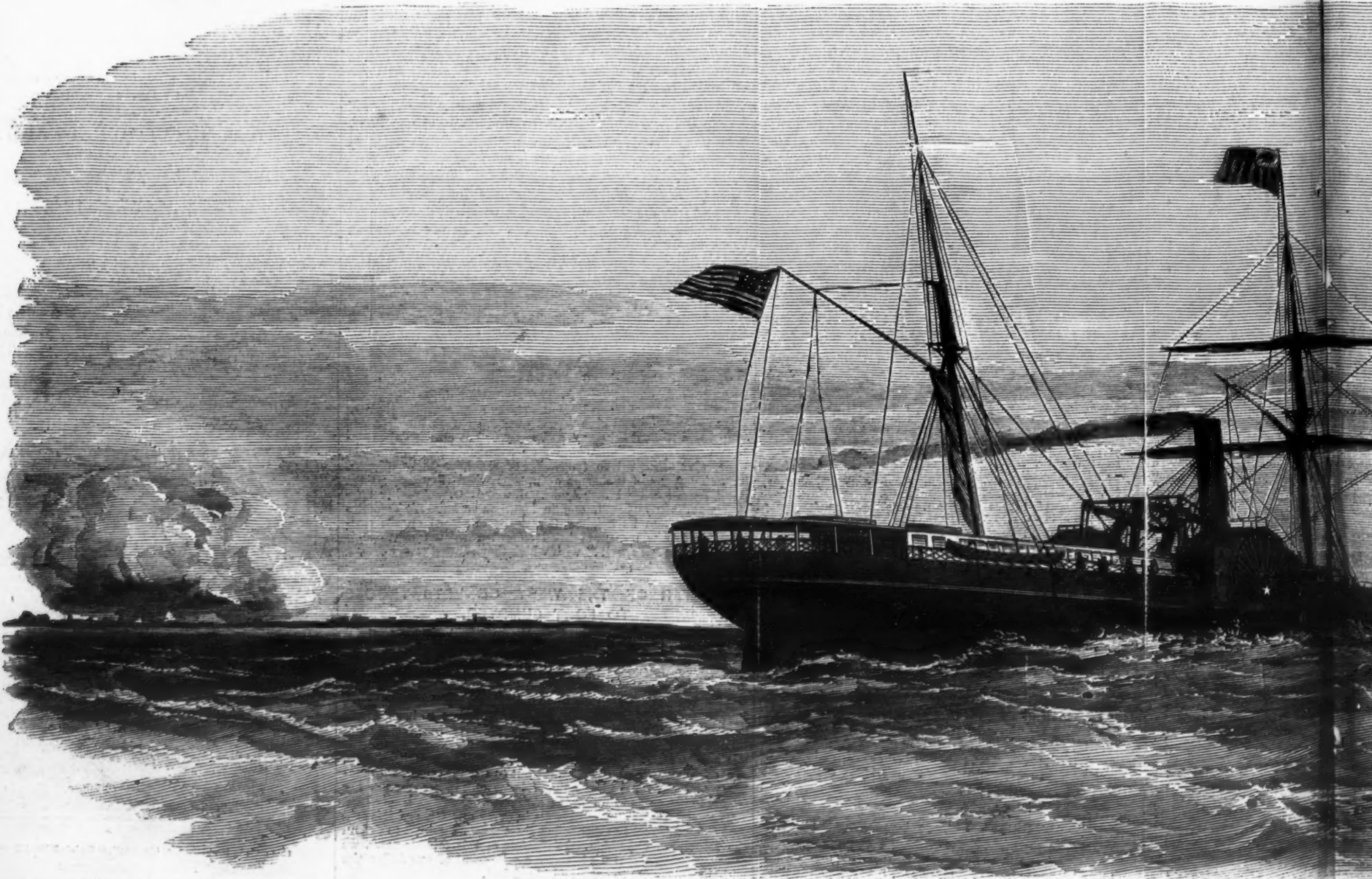
Shot made by Mr. Tieman, of Cincinnati, at the late Billiard Tournament.

THE Philadelphia *Argus* says that a delegation from the Jackson Zouaves of New York arrived in the Quaker City, to take part in the Hickory ball at the Musical Fund Hall, on the 8th. They were received with a true soldier's welcome.



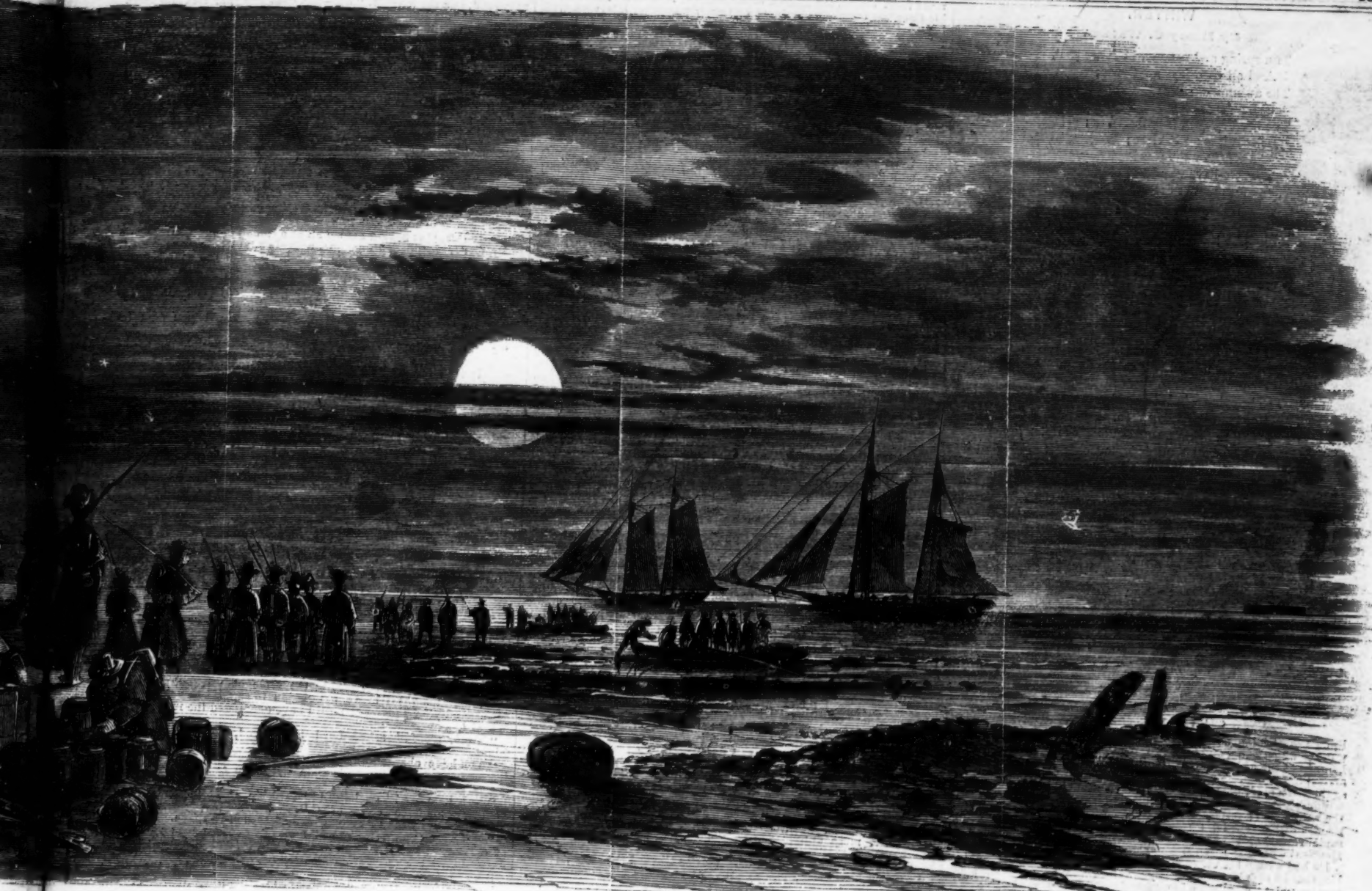


EVACUATION OF FORT MOULTRIE BY MAJOR ANDERSON AND THE UNITED STATES TROOPS, ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT, 1860.

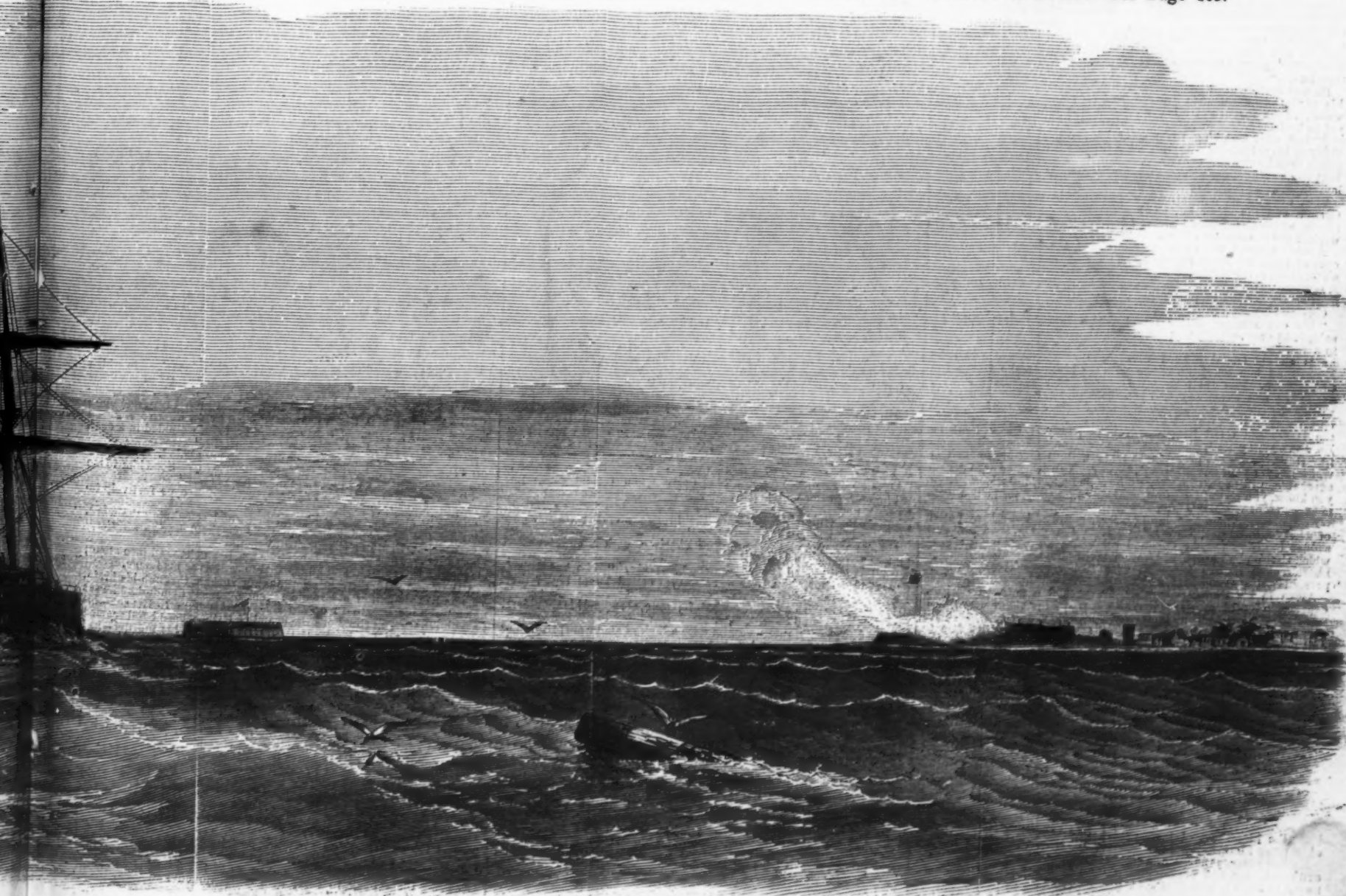


BATTERY ON MORRIS ISLAND.  
THE STEAMSHIP STAR OF THE WEST, WITH REINFORCEMENTS FOR MAJOR ANDERSON. APPROACHING FORT SUMNER, TEXAS.





AS NIGHT, 1860—THE TROOPS CONVEYING POWDER AND OTHER STORES IN SLOOPS TO FORT SUMPTER—See Page 135.



THE SOUTH CAROLINIANS FIRING AT HER FROM THE BATTERIES ON MORRIS ISLAND AND FORT MOULTRIE



## WINTER.

By Henry C. Watson.

THE spring and summer both are past,  
And all their joys are flown;  
The autumn's golden tinted leaves  
Upon the earth are strown.  
The bending corn is gathered in;  
The fruit is all in store;  
All barren now the meadows gay,  
That we have wandered o'er.  
The winter cometh now,  
With storms around his brow,  
And bitter northern blast.  
Ah! weep for pleasures gone,  
All perished! every one.  
Too bright, too bright to last!

The fleecy snow is falling fast  
Upon the frozen ground;  
The rivers, erst so glancing bright,  
In icy chains are bound.  
The winter moon looks coldly down  
Upon the earth so drear;  
The howling winds in boding tones  
Proclaim the dying year.  
The Spring, so fresh and warm,  
Has all Youth's joyous charm;  
The Summer is life's Prime;  
Like Autumn, ripened Age;  
Then comes life's closing page,  
The solemn Winter time.

## ERLE GOWER:

OR, THE

## SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

## CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

ERLE's short sojourn in London rendered him peculiarly alive to his want of experience, and he had several times prompted to write to Ishmael at the address he had received, acquainting him with his arrival in London. Yet there was some inward recoiling to meet again that cold, pale, stern man, even though he knew he held within his keeping the secret of his real history. Ay, even though the words which fell from that strangely beautiful and mysterious maiden of Kingswood Chace led him to the supposition that the same remarkable being who had been her only friend in life was identical with that Ishmael who had enacted the same part to him. He had within his valise fifty pounds. Ishmael had given it to him that he should not enter Kingswood Hall a beggar; that should any pecuniary want arise immediately on his arrival at Kingswood Hall he might meet it, and thus be spared the necessity of applying too soon to Lord Kingswood for funds it would be afterwards his duty to supply.

Abandoning the idea of an application to Ishmael, he resolved to devote this sum to the commencement of the active duties of that life wherein he was to carve his own fortune. He was, however, at a loss for an opening; he knew not where nor how to commence, and he was too proud to ask counsel of Carlton Stanhope, who, though in some respects frivolous, knew more of the world's ways than he did.

He was desirous of acting without further loss of time, urged by his anxiety to know what had followed his departure from Kingswood, for the absence of all intelligence was almost unbearable; yet he hesitated.

At last, after weighing the matter, he resolved to abate something of his pride, and without letting Carlton further into his confidence than he thought necessary, to ask for suggestions as to the best mode of opening up some career for himself likely to be both honorable and profitable.

That evening at dessert, while engaged in conversation with Carlton and his sister, he, as if accidentally, touched upon his future, which he intimated was at present undefined, and might be worked out in some far distant country.

A fancy crossed him at this moment that the large, deep-brown eyes of Beatrice, which he perceived were fastened upon him with a steadfast, earnest, thoughtful gaze, were suffused with moisture. A moment more and her pale face was bent downwards, and perhaps his impression was but fancy after all.

Carlton Stanhope responded. "We can manage better than by expatriating you, Gower," he said, in an easy, nonchalant tone. "I expect the governor home in a few days. He has heard of you from me many times. Now, he is an old friend of Lord Kingswood, of Kingswood, and Lord Kingswood has great influence with the Minister, the Marquis of Chillingham. You shall have a Government appointment. I am expecting one every day, and you shall, therefore, remain here to win all the emoluments and the honors of office. By-the-by, while on my way to the Treasury this morning on my own business, I met the Honorable Cyril Kingswood—your pet, you know, Beatrice. He was walking up Whitehall, at a quick pace, and looks decidedly ill. However, he has promised to lunch with us to-morrow, and we will talk over your advancement, Gower. You will find him a very agreeable, pleasant, charming fellow. Is he not, Beatrice? Mind, you know, you must look as enchanting as possible, for he is a prize in every respect worth a woman's winning."

Erle, overwhelmed by this communication, had but a hazy notion of what followed until they retired from the table, then pleading sudden indisposition, he declined attending an evening party to which Carlton had procured him an invitation with his sister and himself, even though Beatrice, with rather unusual earnestness, pressed him to accompany them.

Alone in his sleeping-chamber, he penned a note to Carlton, couched in fervid language, thanking him and his sister with grateful sincerity for their kindness and hospitality, and expressed his great regret that unlooked-for intelligence had compelled him to quit him in a manner which appeared abrupt and ungracious, but which he begged him to believe was not so intended.

Shortly after Carlton and Beatrice quitted the house, Erle called the butler, requested him to deliver the note he handed to him to Carlton in the morning when he came down to breakfast, and then summoning a cab, he entered it and drove away, whither he knew not, and, as he bitterly thought, cared not.

## CHAPTER XX.

His face kindled like a burning coal;  
Now cold despair succeeded in her stead,  
To livid paleness turns the glowing red,  
His blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his veins,  
Like water which the freezing wind constrains,  
Then thus he said.—"Dry—"

Upon the blood-stained turf, with blanched face, a ghastly, gory object, lay Philip Avon, lifeless.

He had entered the glade with thoughts of murder rampant in his evil mind. He had contemplated slaughter when he upraised his sword to cross it with Erle's, he had determined upon mercilessly and remorselessly shooting his antagonist through the heart when he levelled at his body the pistol which he believed to be alone charged with the fatal bullet.

Yet here he lay stretched in the semblance of a sanguinary death, his foul designs and murderous intents baffled, nay, all but reversed. It was well for him that Cyril Kingswood, restless in his banish-

ment from Violet, the Maiden of the Chace, formed a resolve upon his sleepless couch to obtain, at all hazards, another interview with her, even at the risk of any result which might arise from the frenzied wrath of the man who assumed the control of her life and actions.

On his way to search for her, determined to relax no exertion, even though that search absorbed the baffled explorations of the whole day, he heard the sharp report of a pistol, followed by another discharge, and a wild human cry of agony.

For one moment this incident superseded the thoughts with which his mind was filled, and, increasing his speed, he hurried in the direction whence the sounds proceeded.

As he rushed into the glade his eyes caught sight of an individual who darted across the open space and disappeared in a copse. A second glance showed him a lifeless figure upon the earth, grimly bedabbled in blood.

He, on reaching the body, knelt by its side and examined the face. He uttered a startled cry of recognition. He looked hurriedly round him upon the grass—he perceived a pair of swords, one blood-stained; at a short distance from them a pistol, seemingly hastily flung down, an open case and the upper garments of the prostrate, motionless being at whose side he knelt and whose right hand yet grasped a discharged pistol.

Cyril needed no clue to unravel the meaning of this scene. "Philip Avon and Gower have met. Philip has fallen—Gower has fled," he muttered.

Then he placed his hand upon the heart of Philip Avon. He detected a slight beating there, and then, with the speed of a deer, he made for Kingswood Hall.

As soon as he reached it, he alarmed the household, and returned with a body of servants, some bearing restoratives and bandages. The medical attendant upon himself and Lady Kingswood, who had been taken suddenly and mysteriously ill, being yet at Kingswood Hall, accompanied them, and they hastened to where Cyril had left the body.

They found Philip Avon making feeble efforts to raise himself, and uttering delirious cries; but as they reached him, he again fell back in a swoon.

The surgeon proceeded at once to examine and to temporarily bandage his wounds; and when this task was completed, the inanimate form was laid carefully and tenderly upon a litter roughly but promptly constructed. Four stout fellows took charge of it, and it was borne in mournful procession to Kingswood Hall.

At the entrance, white-faced and excited, stood Lord Kingswood. Already through the household was spread like wildfire the intelligence that Mr. Philip Avon had been discovered in the Chace foully and cruelly murdered.

Countenances of terror and gloom were to be seen among the servants who had remained within the hall. They whispered remarks about the Chace, muttered couplets about the doom of the house, and gazed awe-stricken and almost paralysed, as the still, motionless, ghastly body—the blood oozing thickly through the bandages which covered the wounds—was brought, with a dull and hurried tramp, into the building.

For a time all was hurry and confusion, and it was not until the surgeon had renewed his examination, and properly bandaged every gashed place in Philip Avon's body, that his stern and repeated remonstrances for the maintenance of a strict silence were attended to.

Lord Kingswood, unable to endure the ghastly sight the body presented, awaited in his library the surgeon's report. At length, when his sickly impatience was exhausted, the surgeon made his appearance. With a grave face he announced the patient to be in extreme danger. He said that he had been wounded in several places, and the principal bone in his right arm had been shattered near the shoulder. With the accustomed professional reserve, he made no reference to the cause, and hesitated to speak of the probable results. He retired, therefore, leaving Lord Kingswood but little more enlightened on the subject than he had been at first.

It was not until nearly noonday that he learned the body of Philip Avon had been discovered by his son Cyril. He assumed that one of the gamekeepers had first seen it and had given the alarm; he had, therefore, let the point pass unquestioned. He sent a message to Cyril, requesting his immediate attendance; but, after a diligent search, he was informed that Cyril could not be found within, in the mansion, the gardens, or the park. In the excitement attendant on the arrival of the senseless body, the departure of Cyril had been unnoticed, and remained so until his presence was requested by his father.

Irritated, annoyed, and, as well, amazed, he sent out some men into the Chace in search of him, especially as the memory of the recent attack upon him was not only very fresh in his mind, but, if it had escaped him, it would have been renewed by the muttered observations of some of his people which caught his ear, attributing to the wood demon, Tubal Kish, the murderous onslaught both upon Cyril and Philip Avon.

Still in suspense, as the day wore on, he found the incertitude and doubt in which he was plunged insupportable, and he resolved to proceed himself, well supported by attendants, to the Chace, in search of Cyril; determining, at the same time, if it were possible, to unkenel Tubal Kish, of whom he had frequently, for years, heard his gamekeepers speak unfavorably, to try the effect of a jail upon him as a cure for his villainous propensities.

Before, however, he quitted his study to put his intention into operation, Pharissee entered it, evidently to communicate some intelligence of importance to him.

Lord Kingswood knew by a glance at the man's face there was something for him to hear of an unwelcome character. There was a sinister, restless movement of his eye, a lowering of his bushy, beetling black brows; his lips looked thinner and longer than ever.

Lord Kingswood turned sharply to him, and said, snappishly, "What now?"

"Can your lordship spare me a few moments, without interfering with your valuable time?" rejoined Pharissee, with a slow, cringing bend.

"Unless it is anything of importance, no," returned Lord Kingswood, quickly. "I am dissatisfied with the singular absence of Mr. Cyril, for, at such a time, it is singular. I intend to head a party to search for him in the accursed Chace. It is monstrous that, surrounded by a horde of lazy idlers, swarming everywhere but where they should, a ruffianly gipsy vagabond is permitted to roam my grounds at will, and commit murderous outrages upon my own son and upon the son of my most highly-valued friend. Sdeath! it makes my blood burn like fire in my veins when I think of it. But I'll have the woods scoured, and the scoundrel, when taken, shall be sent, a felon, to the antipodes. I would the law would permit it, I'd hang the villain from one of the branches of the trees which overlooked his sanguinary violence."

"Hang who, my lord?" inquired Pharissee, with a counterfeited look of surprise.

"Who?" repeated Lord Kingswood, fiercely. "Who but the ruffian, the poacher, the atrocious cut-throat called Tubal Kish? that, I believe, is the rascal's name."

Pharissee curled his lips into a hateful smile, shrugged his shoulders, and shook his head disingenuously.

Lord Kingswood regarded him with a look of angry surprise. "What do you mean by that gesture, Pharissee?" he inquired, haughtily.

"That I fear your lordship is misinformed in this matter," was the reply given, with a bowed head.

"Misinformed? Psha!" cried Lord Kingswood, angrily. "There is a fellow of the name I have mentioned roams like a wolf over my domains, stealing and murdering."

"Pardon me, my lord," interposed Pharissee, "I am so fearful of offending you. I know that there is some rough blackguard named Tubal Kish who prowls about, committing petty depredations, but does your lordship possess any proofs that this man has actually perpetrated the deeds of violence the bad character he possesses has given him the credit of?"

"Proofs?" iterated his lordship. "Pooh! pooh! some of my people say—"

"But Mr. Cyril, my lord, did he inform your lordship that Tubal Kish was the author of the outrage upon him?"

"Mr. Cyril preserves the strangest possible silence respecting the whole affair," returned his lordship.

Pharissee shrugged his shoulders, and turned his rat-like eyes upon the ground.

Lord Kingswood saw there was something behind this expressive movement, and an uneasy feeling rose up in his mind. Apprehensions of he knew not what stole over him.

"Why do you hesitate, Pharissee?" he said, clearing his throat from a sudden huskiness which seized it.

"I hope your lordship will not think me rude or presuming," he answered, in a sleek voice, "but—but does not your lordship think this silence respecting the brutal attack upon him a very extraordinary line of conduct upon the part of Mr. Cyril, always, hitherto, so open and frank?"

"I have said so!" ejaculated Lord Kingswood, with extended eyes and lips apart.

"Does your lordship remember who discovered Mr. Cyril senseless in the Chace?" inquired Pharissee, with a furtive glance and a cringing bend of his body.

"Mr. Gower—certainly; but what of that?" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, quickly, at the same time growing pale; "but what of that?"

"Your lordship can hardly have forgotten that Mr. Gower denied having seen Mr. Cyril for hours when he was first missed; yet your lordship will also recollect that he was with his senseless form when the gamekeepers, who had without success hunted in every direction, came up with him."

"What of this man?" cried Lord Kingswood, becoming white.

"What would you insinuate? Speak!"

"Only this, that having denied all knowledge of the whereabouts of Mr. Cyril," responded Pharissee, with slow, yet cutting emphasis, "Mr. Gower knew where to find his body when the search for it became very hot."

Lord Kingswood felt as though, for a moment, life was suspended within him. Then, with a sudden rush of blood to his brain, he exclaimed, fiercely,

"This audacity is unparalleled, fellow; would you dare insinuate—"

"Nothing, my lord," responded Pharissee, in a humbler attitude. "I do not insinuate, my dear lord; you will observe I do not insinuate, I merely state facts. Your lordship is, perhaps, not aware that Mr. Cyril has neither seen nor spoken to Mr. Gower since his recovery; in fact, he has rather pointedly shunned him. Previously, he was warm in his attentions to him. Will your lordship at least not acknowledge this conduct at best remarkable?"

"It would be far more astonishing to me if Mr. Cyril were to hesitate to reveal that Mr. Gower had brutally, and like a ruffian, beaten him to the earth, if he had been guilty of such a piece of atrocity," returned Lord Kingswood, still speaking with heat.

"Mr. Cyril is kind and generous hearted," persisted Pharissee, in an insinuating tone. "Mr. Gower was your lordship's protégé. Mr. Gower saved the life of Lady Maud."

"Aye!" interposed Lord Kingswood, quickly, "and at the hazard of his own. That was not the act of a common ruffian."

"But," urged Pharissee, persistently, "it was an act well calculated to seal Mr. Cyril's lips."

"But the motive for such an outrage?" rejoined his lordship. "I do not pretend to divine it," answered Pharissee, with affected meekness. "My duty extends no further than the putting of facts into your lordship's possession."

Lord Kingswood thought in silence a moment or so, and then said, impatiently,

"Your insinuation is an unworthy one, Pharissee. I do not credit its accuracy."

"Your lordship will please accept my communication for what it is worth," rejoined Pharissee, in the same offensively hypocritical tone. "But might I crave permission to suggest to your lordship to suspend your judgment until I have concluded the information I bring?"

"What, more?" asked Lord Kingswood, eagerly, almost in fright.

"You have charged the forest rogue, Tubal Kish, with having inflicted the dreadful wounds upon Mr. Philip Avon, from which he is now suffering."

"—I, Pharissee?" exclaimed his lordship. "I told you that some of my people have declared that."

"They were wrong," emphatically returned Pharissee.

"What are you driving at man? Speak out at once; your mode of communication is torture to me," cried Lord Kingswood, in an excited manner.

"My lord, again I protest against being considered as the author of insinuations," returned Pharissee, still adopting that oily tone which pretended to much respectfulness; "I offer you facts only."

"Go on!" impatiently cried his lordship.

"Mr. Gower has, of course, only become acquainted with Mr. Philip Avon since his arrival at Kingswood," continued Pharissee; "yet Mr. Gower at once, and for some unexplained cause, conceived a violent antipathy to him. I happened to be passing the end of a corridor on the day that both my Lady Maud and Mr. Avon met with their accident. Some words passed between them which I did not overhear, and then suddenly I saw—"

Pharissee hesitated, as though he did not like to reveal what he had seen.

"Proceed!" cried Lord Kingswood, irefully. "To hesitate now is mere vulgar brutality."

The eyes of Pharissee gleamed up for an instant, and then their fire was subdued as quickly.

"I saw Mr. Gower strike Mr. Avon to the earth."

Lord Kingswood uttered a howl of rage. For an instant he turned livid, then he pressed his hand to his temple with a sudden action as though an arrow had pierced his brain.

A deadly paleness overspread his features, he gasped for breath, and then, with a desperate effort to articulate, he said, hoarsely,

"Go on, wretch; you are slaying me with slow stab of your tongue. Go on; let me know the worst at once. Tell me all—all—all!"

Pharissee pressed his hands together over his chest, he turned his face to Lord Kingswood with a simulated expression of commiseration upon it which only added to his lordship's fury.

"Go on with your tale," he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, "or I will tell you to the earth where you stand. I will be trifled with no longer!"

Pharissee's face seemed to contract to two-thirds of its natural size, but he bowed low, and still kept his clasped hands pressing his chest.

"To shorten my story, my lord, for it is not insinuations in which I deal, but only facts," he said, in a cringing tone. "Let me draw your attention to these circumstances: Two swords, one blood-stained, two pistols, one in the hand of Mr. Philip Avon, one upon the sword, and a pistol-case have been found where Mr. Philip Avon was discovered. He has evidently been wounded in a duel. It is for you, my lord, to draw your conclusions."

He bowed again, lowly and humbly, as he concluded.

"But Gower—the boy, Mr. Gower—where is he? Send him to me this instant. Stay, I will go to him. Where is he?"

"Gone, my lord," replied Pharissee, turning his eyes furtively towards his lordship.

"Gone!" almost screamed Lord Kingswood, re-echoing the word. "Fled, my lord—fled, no one in the household knows whither," returned Pharissee, in a sharp, shrill voice.

Lord Kingswood stood as though he had been changed into stone; his features were rigid and an icy thrill crept over his frame.

A thousand wild, distracting thoughts rushed through his brain. Vernon had spoken of a terrible revenge. What demon had he set down upon his hearth to create it? What demon? His son—his own child! whose brow bore the brand of Cain, whose hand seemed raised against all his kind. If Philip Avon died, his murder—his! what horror was in that thought!—would be tracked to the ensanguined hand of his son, the offspring of his guilt, if Vernon had spoken all the truth, the heir to his name, to his house, to his honor.

Honor! How the word mocked him! How sick and faint, oh, how deadly faint he was at heart!

Then the face of her he had so desperately wronged seemed to float before his burning eyes, and the face of Erle, pale, stern, but clear and open, rose up likewise into his vision.

A terrible, agonising cry burst from his parched lips, and his hot, trembling palms he pressed against his throbbing temples.

And in this frenzy he became conscious of the sallow, Mephistopheles-like visage of Pharissee glowing upon him, grinning, gibbering at him, as if deriding, mocking him.

"Liar! knave!" he shouted, as he struck him a violent blow, which made him reel backwards and fall with violence to the ground.

"There is no truth—there can be no truth—in what you have told me. Your tales are the suggestions of fiendish malevolence. The boy is in the wood—Cyril is in the wood; I'll seek them there and bring them back to ram, with their gloved knuckles, the lie down your base throat!"

With the air of one in a frenzy of delirium, he rushed from the study, summoning, in a tumultuous voice, his servants to follow him to the Chace in search of his son.

Pharissee, shaken and bruised by his heavy fall, rose up with a



devilish, vindictive expression on his face. He ground his teeth together, and bubbling froth issued between his white skinny lips.

"This adds another nail to the coffin preparing for your happiness, my Lord of Kingswood," he muttered. "Taunts and scoffs are to be heaped upon you; blows—such blows—never, never! Oh, but I will pierce you in your most sensitive part, my lord! You shall shed tears of blood for every blow you have honored your faithful menial with. My Lady Kingswood shall help me pay the debt I owe to you; and trust, me, my lord, I'll strike the iron while it is hot."

As he concluded his mutterings, he, too, hurried from the room, and passing through the corridor, crept rather than walked towards Lady Kingswood's suite of apartments.

He paused at the door of the outer chamber, knocked a low, soft knock; it was not answered. He noiselessly opened the door and peered within—there was no one within the apartment.

He crept stealthily, like a cat—if possible, with less noise in his footfall—to the centre of the room, and gazed about him. All was silent as the grave.

The door of Lady Kingswood's private sitting-room was ajar, and he peeped within.

He saw Lady Kingswood just entering her sleeping-chamber with a disturbed and agitated manner, and she closed the door of the room with a loud noise.

Upon a table stood a magnificent writing-desk open.

In an instant he was in front of it. He lifted one of the flaps and looked within. On the very top lay a note which looked crumpled, and was wet with recent tears.

He seized it. It was addressed to Lady Kingswood. It was signed "Chillingham."

He thrust it in his breast, his eyes glistened fiercely, a triumphant smile curled his thin lips, and he muttered, in a guttural whisper, "My Lady Kingswood, you shall sue to me. Till now I dared not lift an eyelash to your nobility. Now I will look into your eyes."

A footstep in the corridor startled him. He glided through both rooms, and at the very door of the ante-chamber encountered Lady Mand, with pale, affrighted face, and trembling in a tumult of excitement.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Thus the stern voice spoke in triumph:

"I have shut your life away

From the radiant world of nature

And the perfumed light of day.

You who loved to sleep your spirit

In the charm of earth's delight,

See no glory of the daytime

And no sweetness of the night."—A. A. P.

In the city of the three millions there is to be found the greatest solitude. The unfriended, unknown stranger will meet with it in the busiest streets. The isolated and forlorn may discover it in the most crowded localities. Poverty-stricken pride can command its unbroken seclusion in densely populated districts. The penniless and the homeless find it within the compass of its swarming thoroughfares. Timid and abashed misery encounters desolation in the centre of the busy hive of humanity. The outcast tests its loneliness but too painfully amid the currents and eddies of the moving multitude. The outlaw and the fugitive from justice obtain seclusion where thousands congregate, even in the very heart of close and festering neighborhoods. The abandoned and the hopeless see in it but a Great Sahara; while those who would fly from observation obtain obscurity and privacy in the midst of thronging masses, or in the thickly congregated labyrinthine highways and byways of the mighty Metropolis!

Well might Ishmael Malpas, in designing to select some retired spot even yet more secluded than the unfrequented depths of Kingswood Chase, wherein to place the forest maiden so mysteriously in his custody, and under his control, determine upon seeking it in London.

Well might he, conversant with its ways, knowing it a wilderness to such as he, make choice of it the better to keep the forest flower hidden from the lordly hand which sought to pluck, ruin and destroy it.

Ishmael had lost faith in his kind. His trusting confidence had been blighted by a killing frost at the very moment it was in the glowing, gushing prime of generous youth.

He had been jilted by the only woman he had ever loved; deceived, betrayed by the only friend in whom he had trusted with an unreserved faith; he had watched the progress of many, in order that he might save himself from the sin of self-glification, wrought out of a universal condemnation of his race. He had again trusted, to be again deceived. He had tried to find woman's falsity the exception; he had proved it the rule. He had tried to convince himself that the sanctity of friendship was but rarely violated; he found that its integrity was but yet more rarely preserved.

False love, false friends, brought heartweariness, and made faith faint. He could not step out from his nature as from a vainglorious and rainbow-hued garment, to don sackcloth and walk with ensanguined feet upon the sharp-cutting stony road of cold, selfish, treacherous life; but he could wear over that raiment of many pure and spotless colors a mantle of ice; hard, cold and, apparently, unimpressionable; and he did.

What memories may, at times, have pierced his brain with acute and mortal agony; what retrospects may have wrung his heart with cruel agony, and have brought sweat-drops of blood upon his clammy yet burning brow, none but himself knew.

Those fierce and fearful wrappings with anguished despair took place when he was far from human eye, and in the dead hour of the night, when the cold, pale stars looked down upon him out of the dark, deep blue vault of heaven, with an icy, unsympathizing glittering.

His general bearing was sternly calm, frigid and impassable. Violet, the forest flower, had never known him exhibit another mood. She had not observed him in her days of childhood follow her gambols with eager admiring expression on his animated face. She had not in her days of girlhood detected his large, melancholy, earnest eyes fondly watching her light, airy, tripping movements over the soft grass, graceful in their action as those of the wood-fawn. Aye, even until a gush of moisture filled them to overflowing.

If she had, she would then have seen him shade his eyes with his hand, and turn away as though the lustrous sunshine in which she moved was all too brilliant for his vision.

She had known no change in him until the hour in which Tubal Kish had informed him that her streamside ramblings, her wanderings in the wood labyrinths, her saunterings in the Chase solitudes, had been shared by Cyril Kingswood, the son of that man who had plunged a hand of fire into his breast, and wrenched out his heart.

Then wild anger, rage, frenzy, all the fiery, stormy passions, long pent up within that marble frame, upheaved, broke down their icy barriers, and burst forth in a torrent of ungovernable fury.

The tempest, indeed, expended itself upon the timid, shrinking, affrighted girl, for even while yet it raged with violence, his wrathful eyes observed her pallid features, her half-closed lids, her colorless lips, her panting bosom, and the signs they exhibited warned him that his maddened indignation and frantic denunciations were fast driving her into swooning unconsciousness.

Then he ceased, relapsing as suddenly into his accustomed chilling demeanor as he had leaped out of it. Nor did he change his stern, cold mien, even after he had detected Violet alone with Cyril, in violation of his peremptory command never to see or even hint of him more.

For a short period—to her a dreary age—he kept her confined to her chamber, while he was occupied in making certain active preparations for their departure from the old hunting-lodge, none of which she beheld, in none of which she took interest, although she knew they were going on, and were intended to remove her far from the paradise in which her young life had hitherto been passed.

A fair, radiant scene, made up of waving trees, blossoming flowers, and bubbling, translucent waters, it is true, but a paradise to her eyes, because she had wandered in it with one who in her eyes appeared a second Raphael.

Native of Heaven, for other place  
None can than Heaven such glorious shape contain.

What mattered it to her what form the preparations took, of what nature their details; it was already too much to know that they were intended to separate her from the chiefest impulse of her life. As well might she have entertained a restless anxiety to master the preparatory arrangements for her own entombment.

Her chamber window—a mere loop-hole—enabled her to overlook a portion of the Chase, but during her continuous weeping, watching, the shadow of no human form darkened the rich green sward. Sunlight played not radiantly there upon the only human form she cared to gaze upon.

That night Ishmael coldly informed her that she would quit the scene of her former life, for years at least, perhaps for ever, on the morrow. Without awaiting her reply—though she had none to make—he quitted her.

That night, with vague hope, she revisited the haunts she loved, because she had wandered in them with him. That night she encountered Erle, but not Cyril, and fled abruptly from him, when her eyes encountered the wild, rude, ungainly form of Tubal Kish.

Before the break of day, even while Erle was awaiting the coming of Philip Avon, Ishmael conveyed her away from her forest home. Two days were passed in travelling in a close carriage; one night at a sequestered, lone inn; the second, past the hour of midnight, London was entered.

The vehicle passed through the now silent and more than semi-deserted streets, and at length they paused at the door of a house in a largely populated neighborhood.

A prisoner borne to confinement, from whence there is no prospect of escape, takes little heed of the aspect of the prison walls without. Violet was confused and bewildered, it is true, by the sights and scenes new to her—by the seemingly endless avenues of houses, more thickly clustered together than trees in the forest aisles and vistas, but the presence of one thought made the operation of observing them purely mechanical, and she took no notice whatever of the exterior of the building into which she was conducted.

A staid, vinegar-aspected, tall, matronly woman, evidently prepared for her coming, received her, and conducted her to a sleeping-chamber.

She did not address a word to the poor, quivering girl—rather a relief to her, for Violet's timid eyes found in her bony visage a resemblance to the features of Tubal Kish, by no means flattering to the refugee.

Violet, tired, wearied with her journey, more with her sorrow, sought her couch, and nestled in it, heart-sore, like a wounded dove.

In the daylight she saw that brick walls alone faced her windows. There were no moving, bending trees, no patches of green sward, no beds of flowers to be seen from her casement, nothing but the dull walls and a gray, hazy patch of sky, more like a leaden pall than the free, bright heaven she had been accustomed to gaze at.

Week passed after week, and the only change she was permitted to taste was to pass to an adjoining apartment, a sitting-room, possessing precisely the same prospect.

During this time she saw nothing of Ishmael. Her only companion was the tall and scraggy effigy of Tubal Kish, who had received her on her arrival.

This female, so unfeminine in the sight of Violet, attended upon her and sat with her, in order to make the time fly away in the most agreeably cheerful manner. She vowed to Violet that she would cause her to become as lively under her prattle as a bird—a caged bird screeched at by an old, un pitying hawk.

Violet felt faint at the announcement, and would have declined this signal mark of her esteem, but that she was unable to successfully interpose an objection which her attenuated attendant was not prepared to overrule.

At the earliest possible moment she admitted Violet to her confidence, by communicating to her that she was a spinster—by choice. Probably that of the gentlemen who were favored with a transient examination of her countenance.

Appropriately she was surnamed Virgo—Miss Albertina Virgo—and Albertina confessed to her young friend—for Violet was her junior by a trifle of forty-two years—that she had, at an early age, repudiated sweethearts. No doubt it had, with remarkable vivacity, returned the compliment, but upon that point Albertina did not enlarge. Possibly she had received instructions from Ishmael; if she had not, it was somewhat remarkable that she should harp so much upon the heartless iniquity, the base selfishness, the inconstancy, faithlessness, and general villainy of the opposite sex.

She entered upon her task—if the task had been set her—*con amore*. She had never, she declared, plighted her maiden faith, nor pledged her virgin vow, to any scoundrel of the male "speeches." In the days of her girlish fascination she had, kept off, with a banish-glare, every traitor in a coat and hat. Nay, rather than be stormed by the impetuous ardor of impassioned love-stricken rascals, she protested that she had veiled her loveliness from the sight, a remark which made Violet marvel when, with large, wondering eyes, she gazed upon Albertina's countenance. So great an alteration from beauty to the aspect it now presented she, in her innocence, deemed impossible.

"You are much changed," she observed, hesitatingly.

Miss Albertina's visage became of a sudden mottled.

"No wonder," she responded, screwing up her nose until the tip became a white circle of dough-colored flesh. "No wonder, Miss Violet, considering what I have had to undergo at the hands of the horrid male creatures. I couldn't tell you half the wrongs I have suffered at their hands. I tell you my dear, and you may take my word for it, they are all, without exception, a swarm of base deceivers."

"Were you ever deceived?" inquired Violet, in a timid, trembling voice.

The question came upon Miss Virgo like an avalanche, and took her breath away.

Presently recovering herself, she wagged her head to the danger of her front of small tight ringlets, and said emphatically, with a slight nasal twang, "No, no, the wretches never had the chance."

It is doubtful whether they would have taken it if they had. Albertina, however, confined herself to the glory of never having offered it.

"But the young, the good, the handsome," murmured Violet, solicitously; "they, surely, are not false, designing and untruthful?"

"The vilest villains of the lot," instantly replied Miss Virgo, viciously. "Handsome fellows, indeed, ha! they are the vagabonds of the race. They'll break young girl's hearts with as much indifference as they would snap one of their filthy tobacco pipes when they no longer require it. Those are the gentry who fought shy of me; they didn't like my looks, I can tell you. No, no, they never tried their sneaking, circumventing, soft glances and lying speeches upon me. One look in my face was enough for them; they saw that I was not a person to be easily cajoled or to waste their base flummery upon. Handsome fellows, indeed! don't talk to me about handsome fellows."

"But—Miss Virgo," said Violet, clasping her hands and gazing at her with piteous earnestness, "you have had, evidently a very, very long experience with all the world; you do not—cannot mean to assure me that all—the—the beings of whom you speak are vile and wicked alike?"

"Every man jack of them!" exclaimed Miss Virgo, with emphatic force. "Not a pin to choose between them. Why, there were my brothers—six of them—fine, handsome young fellows, all with golden chestnut hair alike; they treated me, their only sister, like a pack of vicious brutes. They quarrelled with me perpetually. I am sure there was always a row going on between one of them and myself—and they used to pull my hair—the loveliest golden chestnut, too—out by handfuls; they kicked my shins, and oh! gave me such dreadful blows in the back. Not but what I could take my own part. I used to give back kick for kick, scratch them preciously, and always came off with my share of hair. Now, if they would act in this cruel fashion to a young, delicate, attractive creature as I was then, how would they behave to young girls with fewer charms and not their sister? It don't admit of a doubt. They are all alike, take my word for it."

Violet hesitated to take her word, firstly, because she could not bring herself to think that this person, not having seen Cyril, could form any just opinion respecting his merits or demerits, his truth or falsity; and secondly, she hesitated to place implicit faith in one who said that in her youth she had been beautiful and fair, when now she was affected with a very ugly plainness of feature, was as brown as a coco-nut, and looked as if beyond dispute she had been born so.

Violet remained silent. She determined inwardly to judge Cyril by a standard which was not Miss Albertina Virgo's.

Every day the spinster enlarged upon the topic, but Violet put no more questions to her and made no replies. She looked each day paler, seemed very weary of her confinement to her apartments, and fatigued and distressed by Miss Virgo's dissertations upon the faithlessness and designing artifices of the brute "speeches" man.

At last, Miss Virgo finding the subject she daily dilated upon become more than distasteful to her companion, she proposed to vary the entertainment, and to add to their cheerfulness by commencing the study of the German language.

Violet only looked at her sadly and appealingly, and begged that she might be permitted to pass her time alone.

Miss Virgo appeared to be startled and shocked by the proposition. Her eyes and nostrils dilated, and her mouth, like the end of her nose, contracted to the circumference of a small circle. She shook her head and said it could not be.

Violet turned away from her and looked up to the sky with eyes in which large tears had thickly congregated.

For some days Miss Virgo tried the soothing operation of reading aloud; but her subjects were not happily chosen. A Treatise on the Loss of Teeth; a Lecture upon the Fallibility of Man; Do you Dye your Hair? Cursory Remarks on the Elements of the Teutonic Language; Battered Crumbs for Weak Appetites; a Thunderbolt for the Artful; The Cookery that Paid the Cook, and Pamela done into Rhyme by a self-educated One of the Same, failed to have any apparent effect upon Violet other than to render her depression and dejection yet deeper and more settled.

Miss Virgo, with chagrin, saw that Violet's face became wan in its paleness, and that loss of sleep began to attend loss of appetite; that a dull listlessness had fastened upon her, so that she seldom moved from where she seated herself, or scarce ever removed her eye from the object on which it first fell, or raised a limb, or gave any token that she was not in a state of ecstasy in which the functions of her body were stilled, and her mind fixed in the contemplation of one object.

Miss Virgo became alarmed and absented herself.

That same night, Violet, with a scream, started from a recumbent position in which she had remained nearly the whole day.

The hand of Ishmael pressed upon her arm, and the voice of Ishmael breathed her name in her ear.

Her eye fell upon his face, pale, more wan even than her own. There was an unearthly fire in his eye, but his countenance wore upon it a hue like that of death.

"Violet," he said, in a clear, deep voice, "I have sought you to speak grave words to you, to give you honest counsel, to try to lift, if it be possible, your spirit out of the dust in which you have humbled it—bruised it—I had almost said abased it, but that I believe your native dignity of soul would give the lie to such a word."

With downcast face and trembling form she listened to him, but she made no response.

"You are sad, very sad," he continued, with perceptible emotion.

"I know wherefore; you know that I do, but you think I cannot make a due allowance for the grief which grows upon your heart, the despair which has made there its throne. You err in that presumption. I can; I do. But there is a limit to that allowance, beyond which even you must not pass. It is a sin to weep a life away, hoping for the impossible. It is a crime to sink down to a despairing death, yearning for that which never can be yours. It is a duty to wrestle with a sorrow which would be infinite if not controlled, because it mourns the loss of that which will never return on earth. You have a grief, a dire grief, batten upon your young heart; a bitter sorrow, hopeless in its aspirations; a despair which can never be alleviated by the attainment of that which alone would dissipate it. You must wrestle with this affliction. It will be a sore struggle, but you must conquer. You must rise from it in triumph, and forget that it ever pressed down a spirit I once hoped would have escaped this accursed thralldom."

Violet yet bowed her head. She wrung her hands, but she did not utter a word.

"It is your duty, Violet," he said, firmly. "We have all our duties in life to perform, and we must not evade them or faint in their performance. You are not the only sufferer in this world of care and trial. I have suffered—suffered deeply; others have been as sorely tried, and will be again. But the trodden grass rises again, the bruised flower lifts up its head after its sudden blow, and blooms as bright as ever. The golden grain, bowed by sweeping storms, upriseth its crest in the after sunshine, and flourishes ere its hour comes to fall beneath the sickle which gathers it for the final harvest."

He paused for a moment, and she, clasping still closer her trembling hands, muttered, in tones of anguish—

"The broken heart knows no resuscitation, it perisheth for ever."

"No!" he exclaimed, in sharp, stern tones, which made her recoil. "It perisheth not; humbled, abased, crushed beneath the heel of human ingratitude, it lives on, if only for revenge!"

His eyes gleamed upon her, and he tossed up his closed hands in the air as he uttered those words.

She shrank from him, and looked up at him in affright.

He observed the expression of her features, and he softened his manner and his tone of voice.

He took her hand, which was cold as death; he pressed it.

"Violet," he said, "you have been in my custody and care from your infancy—in that of mine alone. I took you from human society a babe, to share my solitude. I took you under no selfish considerations; but I took you that I might place you where you would be removed from the corruptions of a community which revels in sin, triumphs in infamy, and runs riot in those crimes which are blackest in the records of Heaven, because they are sins against honor, truth, faith. I placed you in a lone building, standing in the heart of a lonely forest. There I reared you, nurtured you, tended you. I believed that innocent, unsophisticated, uncontaminated by contact with the world-educated, you would be free from the taint which communion with civilized society has affixed as a foul blot upon your sex. Innocence, purity, virtue, were, I believed, sufficient to enable you to lead an unalloyed happiness, a life passed in the world of nature. The murmuring trees, the velvet turf, the myriads of many-hued flowers, the ever-changing sky, were all your outer life would need; while, for your inner life, I taught you the written language of your own nation, the languages of other lands, and I placed before you literary pearls and gems of all. I made you to distinguish admiration from devotion, to lift your eyes from Heaven's masterpieces to the throne of Heaven itself. Your flowers, your pet birds of the air, your famed fawn of the wood, received your affection; your worship was offered for Him who made them and you. All things which could keep your mind pure, your soul spotless, your heart light, your spirits free, it was my constant study to make yours. Your adoration for the Almighty, your affection for your pets, your grateful esteem for myself, were the only sentiments of earthly passion I designed your heart to be swayed by. The curse of human love, as between woman and man, it was my hope to save you from. It is my despair that in this I am disappointed. It teaches me that there is a power superior to man, which frustrates his dispositions and destroys his most carefully-arranged plans, with, no doubt, Divine foresight. I bow to it. But still, gifted with a certain discretionary power over your actions—in the exercise of a right incontestably mine—I still proceed in the path which I believe it becomes my duty to pursue. I sought to rescue you from the power of love. I have failed, and destiny has made the son of my earnestest enemy the possessor of your virgin heart."

He turned away. It was with difficulty he forced the last few words out. He pressed his clenched hand upon his breast, and groaned terribly.

Yet a little time, and he cleared his voice. Again he took the cold, passive hand he had the moment previously released.

"Violet," he said, with deep emotion, "you cannot conceive how deeply the father of Cyril Kingswood has wronged me. It is not possible for a mind so framed and educated as yours to form even a remote conception of his heartless villainy. But look on me. Once I was like Cyril Kingswood. That boy's father, by his terrible treachery, made me what I am. I hate him with an intensity far surpassing the love I once bore him, and that was great. To know that you could touch the hand of his son, even in common courtesy, would make my heart sick; to know that you would do so—nay, have done this in loving tenderness—rends my very soul with a bitter agony far exceeding any you can ever know, though I, forgetting my immeasurable loathing to the race, were to place his hand in thine, and you were to discover, in that moment of joy, you grasped the cold palm of a corpse."

Violet wrung her hands; she sobbed and moaned piteously. The sounds were scarcely audible, but even Ishmael knew that the anguish she suffered was not the less terribly acute.

He regarded her with a steady gaze, and folded his arms so as to affect an air of calmness—was far from feeling.

"Violet," he continued, with a marked enunciation of each word, "from the home in which you were reared, the home in which you were taught to know but two powers who had the right to guide and control your actions—He who dwells in Heaven, and myself upon earth—your once bright and happy home, I have removed you. I have withdrawn you from one of nature's fairest scenes, from the sweet, clear air of unpolluted skies, from the melody of song-birds, the fragrance of flowers, from the silent leafy solitude you so loved, to this place—to this close and fetid atmosphere, to the contracted boundary of these heated chambers, from which the gleam



ing, health-giving light of day is all but excluded—where, in place of flowers and fluttering leaves, you behold blank, bleak walls, where day wears the gloom of night, and night itself is an utter, stifling blank. I have done this that you may estimate, by the change, the priceless value of what you have lost. I have done this that you might know that life is not all a summer's day—that the sweet green shining places in the free fresh wood has its dark tide; that you may experience the stern fact that our will and our wishes are not within our own control; that human instinct, that sense of the happiness, raises up selfishness as an idol which it worships; but that this idol may be, and constantly is, hurled to the ground by an unexpected—often an unseen hand. I would have spared you the bitter lesson with which life is usually crowded, but I have been foiled, and you, too, are called upon to make person a sacrifice which will bow your young spirit to earth for a time.

"For ever!" she murmured, in a tone of heartbroken agony.

"I have said No," he replied, emphatically. "I believe that I have made a timely rescue, for woman's first liking is really her first love. You have as yet seen no other youth, handsome, noble, soft-voiced, such as he. He has been the first your eyes have gazed upon approvingly. Oh, my God, how bitterly has the knowledge been forced upon me that the tender glances, the hushed words, the ardent attentions of a second, more personally handsome man than the first, has won the coveted heart, if even to sport with and destroy it as a bauble. Violet, I tell you this first love is a chimera. You have yet to love, and you shall have the chance of bestowing your not yet captivated affection upon another of my approval."

"No, no, no! Oh, I pray, I entreat you to spare me," she cried, falling upon her knees, with upraised hands, before him. "I will obey you in all things but that: make me your slave, inure me in cells as dark and dreadful as those beneath the hunting-lodge in Kingswood Chase, kill me if you will, but do not seek to compel me—nay, even hope to expect me—to love another."

He placed his hands beneath her arms, and raised her up. He would have drawn her to his breast, but she shrank from him, an act which made the muscles of his face quiver.

He bit his lips, and breathed heavily. Then he said:

"Violet, I have loved you with a father's affection—I have watched over you with a father's tenderness. In this struggle I will not desert you. Silly girl, think not I aspire to compel the bestowal of your love—a woman's heart is too chameleon-like for even herself to know on what object it has truly fastened—are you an exception? You now think you love. I will give you the opportunity of looking abroad among the high and the noble of the land, of gazing on the faces of men handsomer than you have seen in your dreams, nobler than ever stood beneath the proud roof of Kingswood Hall. And their eloquent eyes shall look admiringly upon you, and their fascinating tones shall discourse music in your ear, and your heart shall leap as they approach you, and grow sorrowful when they depart. Among such as these shall you find a fitting form for you to twine like a tendril about. To such an one shall you give your hand with your heart in it."

"Have mercy, if you love me, Ismael. Have mercy!" she almost shrieked. "I have loved—I can never love again. I will be silent—I will accept any banishment you can devise for me—I will smile over a broken heart in your eyes—I will never see Cyril Kingswood more, but oh, Ismael, I love him! I love him! He is all the world to me! I never, never can love another—I—I will not!" She almost shrieked her last words, and clung to his arm in passionate grief.

"I have heard such words before," he said, bending over her, and placing his hand tenderly on her brow. "I have heard vows as

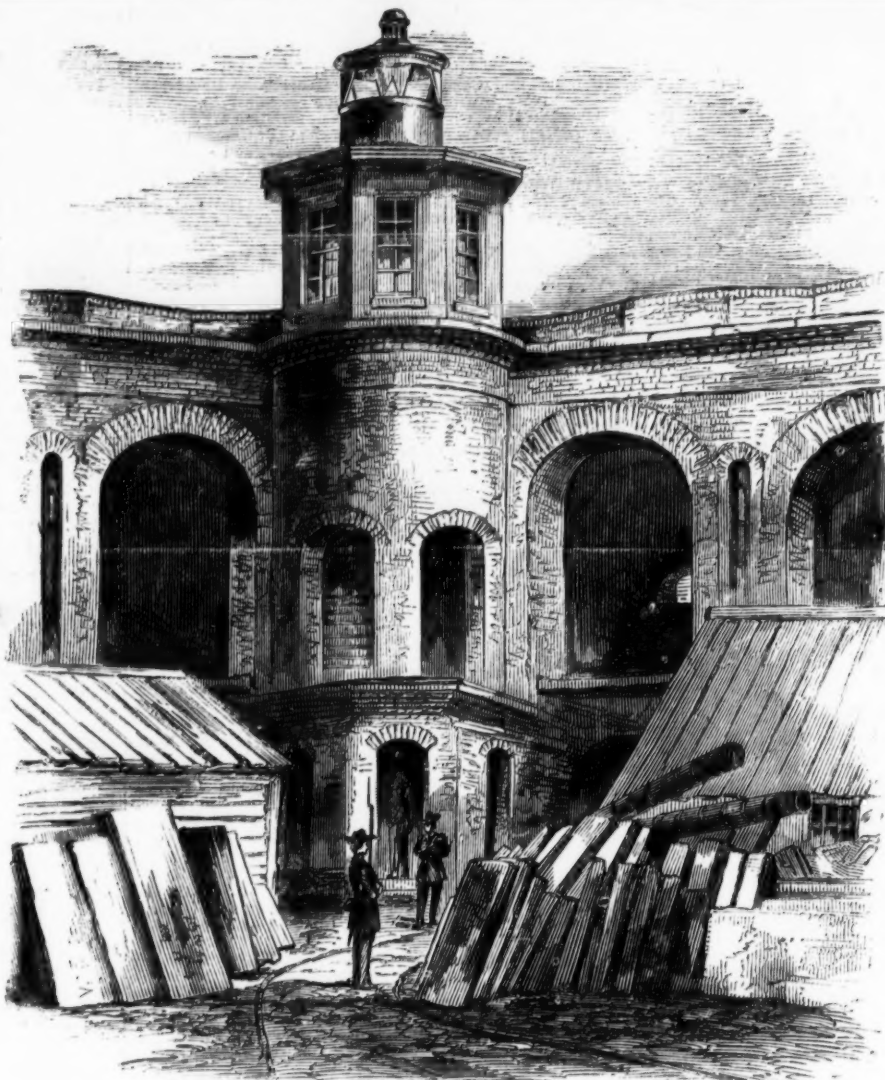
passionate made, and have seen them broken like a twig from a branch which had passed its summer. Violet, you shall away from hence—ay, into a world you never dreamed of, and in that world you shall find your heart's gain. I have sworn the downfall of the house of Kingswood, that a phoenix may arise from its ashes and make its greatest glory my triumph. Forget the past, and prepare to depart; to-morrow we leave this place. Put your trust in me, I will yet make you happy."

He quitted the room slowly as he spoke, wringing her cold, death-like hand as he departed.

She sank half fainting upon her knees, and clasped her hands.

"Cyril," she gasped, "I will be true to you. I will ever love you. You may not continue to love me; you may forget me, but oh! my heart is all your own, and I will die rather than receive those vows from another which I listened to with such happiness as they felt like golden flowers from your lips. Yes, Cyril, my heart may break with anguish, but I will, oh, I will be true to you even unto death!"

She upraised herself, and tottered, swooning, to a seat, for that



FORT SUMPTER, SHOWING A CASEMENT EMBRASURE, AND THE BEACON WHICH IS ONE OF THE GUIDING LIGHTS TO DENOTE THE ENTRANCE CHANNEL OF CHARLESTON HARBOR.

Albertina Virgo's step was heard without the door, and Albertina's face appeared within the door, looking more than ever like a viasge which handsome young fellows would not venture to attempt to cajole.  
(To be continued.)

#### FORT SUMPTER IN THE HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

The attention of the whole country is directed to this strong fortress in the harbor of Charleston. Upon its integrity depends, in a great measure, the ultimate fate of our great Union. Major Anderson will never yield to force; he will assuredly, if necessary, die in its defence. We trust there will be no occasion to test his metal, which all his life proves has the true ring.

The Charleston papers and the Northern correspondents in that city say that Fort Sumpter is not so completely as to be impregnable. The Charleston Courier says:

Cut of seventy-five pieces of heavy ordnance now in the port only eleven are fully mounted. These are all casement guns in the lower tier, and include the nine guns of that face of the fortress facing towards Sullivan's Island. Two more of these casement guns were nearly mounted on Friday evening, but the work of getting them in position is necessarily slow and tedious, and, with the force now at work, it is impossible to mount more than three guns per day at the utmost. The heaviest guns, too, which are thirteen-inch Columbiads, have yet to be mounted. One of the casement guns at one of the angles of the walls has been placed in position so as to cover Castle Pinckney. The garrison were on Friday evening getting ready to mount some of the casement guns on the south side of the walls.

Besides these heavy pieces, four of the lighter Barbette guns are mounted upon the ramparts, pointing towards Morris Island. These are so arranged upon pivot carriages as to sweep around the whole horizon. The magazine of the fortress is well stocked with an immense quantity of grape, canister and shells, and about seven hundred barrels of powder, all the small arms and stores of Fort Moultrie have been transferred with the garrison, and there is sufficient accumulation of provisions to last, in case of necessity, for six months at least. Four large cisterns contain an ample supply of fresh water, but it is now well understood that Fort Sumpter has no fuel to spare.

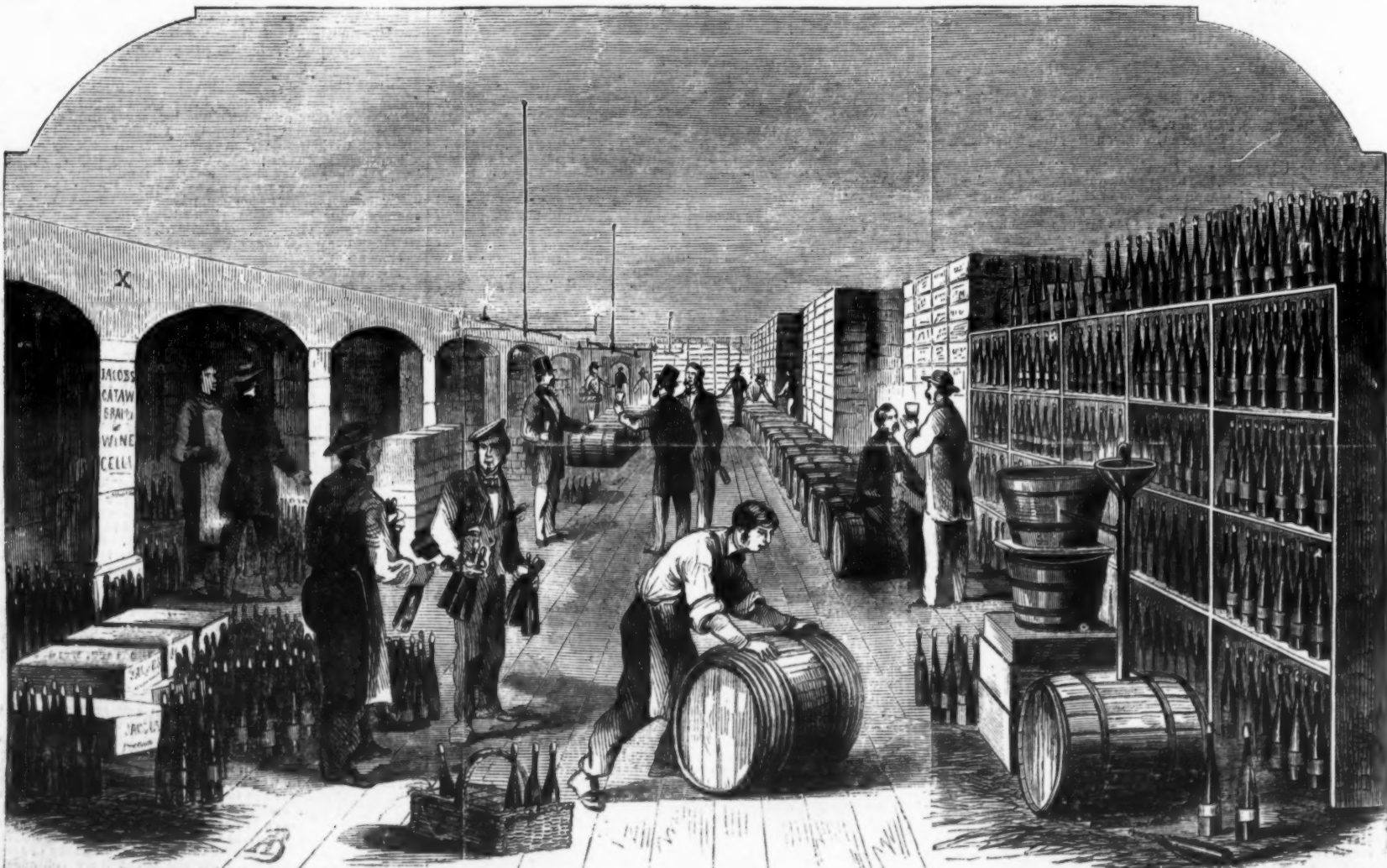
The correspondent of the Evening Post reveals the talked-of plan of attack:

A glance at a good map of Charleston harbor, on which the distances are properly preserved, will show that the positions of Fort Johnson and the beach of Morris Island are such as must constitute important points of attack on Fort Sumpter. They are situated within a mile of that fortress, and face its southern and weaker side. On this side are the wharf and principal landing, as also the main entrance to the fort. Neither the wharf nor landing is, in the present state of the defence, capable of being swept by a flanking fire from within. An attacking party, once landed, could work away at the embrasures in the scarp wall and at the main gate in the archway with but little interference, except from musketry and Land-Grades thrown over the parapet.

That Fort Sumpter will be attacked very shortly, unless Major Anderson's command is withdrawn at once, no one here doubts for a moment. It is well understood that the batteries now being erected on Morris Beach, and the guns recently placed in Fort Johnson, are intended to batter down the southern wall of Fort Sumpter. Through the breach made by these guns a storming party, overwhelming in number, will be led, and the fort must certainly be captured. It will only be a matter of time.

That the above is the plan of the military authorities is apparent from the steps already taken. Guns of a large calibre, as heavy as any known in the United States service, have been lately purchased by South Carolina, and are now being rapidly conveyed to the new fortifications intended against Fort Sumpter. Against these heavy guns on one side, with the guns of Fort Moultrie on the other, the reduction of Fort Sumpter may be put down as ultimately certain. That fortress, once in the hands of the Carolinians, must be considered impregnable to any force the United States can send against it.

In opposition to these statements, Major Anderson has officially stated that he is fully prepared, amply provisioned and



CATAWBA BRANDY CELLAR OF L. JACOBS, ESQ., 99 THIRD STREET, OPPOSITE THE BURNET-HOUSE, CINCINNATI, OHIO. FROM A SKETCH BY H. LOVIE.



munitioned, and that he can hold Fort Sumpter against any force which can be brought against it. Our illustration is a section of the fort, from the inside, showing the immense thickness of the walls, a casemated embrasure and the battery which is one of the guiding lights to denote the entrance channel to the harbor of Charleston.

**CATAWBA BRANDY CELLAR OF J. JACOBS, ESQ., No. 99 Third Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

The manufacture of Catawba brandy was commenced in Cincinnati about six years since, under the name of "Lyons' Catawba Brandy," by Mr. Isaac Jacobs, of that city, and has already grown into a trade of considerable importance. This brandy is claimed to be pure, and admirably adapted for all medicinal uses, and is said to be almost a specific for dysentery and the summer complaint so prevalent and fatal among children. The cellar, which we illustrate is the original and only Catawba brandy cellar in Cincinnati or the United States, and is located on Third street directly opposite the Burnet House. This brandy has been introduced quite extensively into this city by druggists and other dealers, and several of the best chemists in the country have analysed it and testify to its merits and purity.

**BENJAMIN BLOOD, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "OPTIMISM, THE LESSON OF AGES,"**

A work which has suddenly risen into notoriety, is thus described by one who knows him well: "Here is one of those 'glorious vagabonds' who flit rarely through the world, with that combination of animal spirits and poetical sensibility which drives them out of the beaten paths of men, to be 'everything by turns and nothing long,' yet sometimes to redeem the credit of their careless lives by a magnificent accomplishment. Scidom, very seldom, do these erratic children achieve a solid and enduring fame. To one Prince Hal rising from vagrant folly to a noble and acknowledged consistency, there go thousands of your Poins, consistently perverse, with wit 'thicker than Tewkesbury mustard.' Yet such exceptions there are, and Ben Blood is one. To-day we find him hail fellow with shoulderhitters and roughs; to-morrow we find him with the wise and noted of the earth, the friend of Emerson, philosophy and letters, winning the highest plaudits of the severest and most scrupulous connoisseurs."

It is out of the province of our journal to discuss at length the

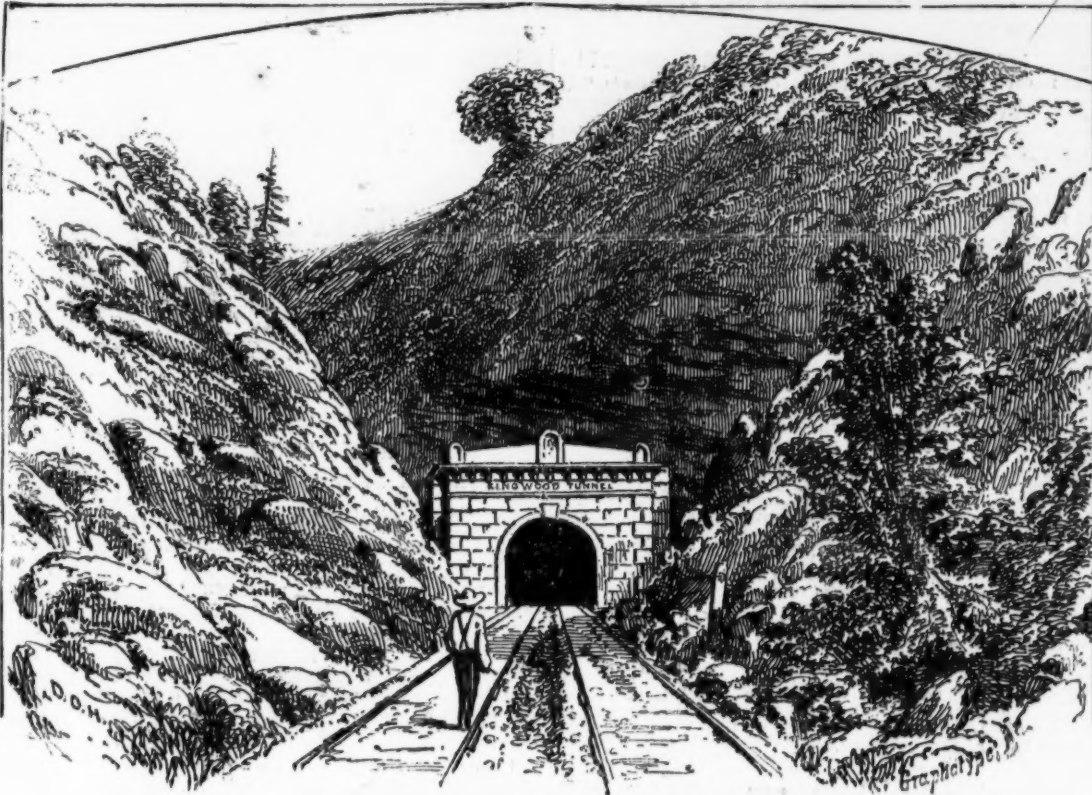


BENJAMIN BLOOD, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "OPTIMISM, THE LESSON OF AGES."

subtle system of philosophy which his last work has presented; but as chroniclers of the times, we may say—and with good authority—that it is an elaborate and powerful production, one that will instruct the wisest, and brighten the world to the darkest misanthrope that lives. The title of the book, after the old style, sets forth the entire purpose of the author, and the contents enforce that purpose with an antique and definite hardihood, softened by touches of a measureless but exquisite poetry, which bespeaks "the hand of iron in the velvet glove." It is a book that startles the soul with unbounded suggestion, and makes us tremble lest we come too soon to the end—but the end is peace—

Fence, by the flashing of the splendid wave  
That makes the waves grow on Error's grave.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, speaking of this book, calls it "one that will be most prized by the most thoughtful people." Wendell Phillips, Esq.—of whom our author speaks gratefully as a "chivalrous, scholarly and undoubted gentleman"—characterizes it as " terse, fresh, original \* \* \* as a whole, masterly." Few books of this generation have won such eminent regard. From a thousand beauties before us—beauties which, like the muscles of the gladiator, swell forth in the exuberance



KINGWOOD TUNNEL, ON THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD—ENGRAVED BY THE "GRAPHOTYPE" PROCESS.

of strength—we cull a single passage on the Heaven of Progression:

Will the reader say to himself, this is a startling, hopeless basis of joy—this belief in an unattainable perfection, and a destiny without a goal or an end? Nay, thou shalt live to rejoice in this truth as in no other, that thy destiny shall have no end; and the starry path, for itself alone, shall be rendered brighter than the path of fancy for rest, for the prize of any supposable goal. We know the good earth sits fast. We dig through her shifting sands, and reaching the solid rock, we build as for eternity. All things seem to stand and poised; we have our youth, then manhood, then gray hairs, and death is the end of all; the course is plain; the end is sure; therefore it is that we are repulsed from thought of a life that cannot pause, nor rest, nor attain an end. But, reader, there is no creed on earth but indicates the same bottomless life. The sentiment is old—it is almost universal, although its consequent may be apparent only to the thoughtful. It is the secret to every puzzle, the key to every riddle under the sun. As we grow old in the ways and wisdom of the world—we begin to learn that the joys we compass slip from our grasp like water from the lips of infants; we shall learn to set our affection on things infinitely above us, and to rejoice in the only consolation of our vain ambition—that there is no final, ultimate ideal of which we may grow weary.

We know the II ayen of man's sensual dreams—there is golden, glorious light there and music, as the forest pines were strung to the arch of the rainbow, and thrilled by exhilarating winds—winds that remember the brown eternities of the slumberous land of Egypt and the marbles wrecked in Asia—winds that blow over the cedars of Lebanon and the groves of Arabia, and bear their enchanting legends through the strings. He shall have joy in a swift moving and ethereal nature; he shall pace the golden streets and look out from the crystal bast embers of the city of God; and the stars shall sing again to the rapt soul, as through the dome of the world's first morning. But what of God the while, my brother?—what of the infinite and the eternal? Think you to loiter on the same flowery banks, and listen to the purring of the same silver streams for ever? Where is that ever-hungry soul which even now—smothered in flesh until it can dole upon the jingle of a rhyme—can long for the harmonies of universal law, and wonder how free, how brave, how happy it may ever grow? Where is the wit that conceived of the ambition of Lucifer, and the treason of Uriel? Is it content? We, too, can see a day when purer life and purpose may vanquish many of our ills—when the elements may know us as a friend—when we may make acquaintance at will with every tribe and science of our sphere—yea, when all that the race now knows we covet may be gained; but in this material and definite outline does the hope of Heaven end? Nay—it does not here begin. Not in the hope of a blessed abode, in music, and light, and dreams—not in the hope of eternal rest, by hours fanned—but in the hope of the glory of God—in the hope of eternal advancement—yea, even in the knowledge that there is no home, nor stay, nor station on the wild, bright way, we know not whether we shall spurn these heavens of the dull imagination. From the colonnades and temples in gardens city-like, where blooms of amaranth shade the lamb and the lion, and fancy hears the icofalls of the loftiest of time past thrice, principalities and constellations—past crowns whose jewels win the lifted eyes of Gabriel and Michael, up through lives and harmonies which it hath not entered into the heart of man nor angel to conceive—which are to man as is music to the grating of a diamond hinge, shall rise the flying soul—and the blessed air shall echo to her shouting, far over the lost ideals of the world, "Thanksgiving! thanksgiving to the Lord God Almighty, who calls and calls us through the universe of glory!"

Mr. Blood is of medium height, about twenty-eight years of age, and resides at Amsterdam, New York.

The *Journal des Debats* says that the Southern States have applied to the Emperor Louis Napoleon for aid and counsel. It pronounces the request inadmissible, and says that when France aided America in her revolutionary struggle with Great Britain the obligation was repaid by ingratitude, and that in return the incensed France with ideas which led to the overthrow of the French monarchy. It also says that the interests of France side with the Northern States, and that it is not worth while to incur the hatred of the more popular and wealthy North for the sake of oppressing four millions of Africans. It concludes in the following words: "It is in the North principally which is the customer for our silks and harmonies which it hath not entered into the heart of man nor angel to conceive—which are to man as is music to the grating of a diamond hinge, shall rise the flying soul—and the blessed air shall echo to her shouting, far over the lost ideals of the world, 'Thanksgiving! thanksgiving to the Lord God Almighty, who calls and calls us through the universe of glory!'"

The announcements which appeared of the betrothal of the Princess Alice and the Prince Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt were premature and speculative, as we stated, as the first official intimation was made by the Queen to the Court and Royal Household on the 30th of November. We may add that the month of June, 1862, is the date fixed, at present, for the nuptials. It may also be interesting to state that Prince Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt is the presumptive heir to his uncle, the G. and Duke of Hesse-Homburg, who is immensely rich. It is most probable that the countries of Hesse-Darmstadt and Hesse-Homburg will be united during the reign of Prince Louis.

Mr. TRAIN, the projector of street-railroads, has received permission from the vestries of St. John's Hackney, and St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, to lay down a line from Ball's Pond, along Bridgeport place, Pool street, Dorchester street, New North road, Finch street, Old street, and City road, towards the city. He has requested the Common Council to grant him leave to continue this line to the Bank as an experiment—namely, from the city boundary at Roper's street to the south end of Moorgate street. The Improvement Committee are considering the question. Mr. Train, it is said, has had an interview with Lord Palmerston relative to his plan of laying down a rail from Fek in to the shores of the sea.

This is decidedly cool—Palmerston and Train are too much for the Chinese. We are told of the existence in New Zealand of a large extent of sand, which, when melted, yields 60 per cent. of pure steel, and that half a dozen persons in London have subscribed the requisite capital to work a great tract of the district which has been obtained.

DONALD AND THE COCKNEY.—Two sparks from London, while enjoying themselves along the brather in Argyllshire, last autumn, came upon a decent-looking shepherd rearing on the top of a hill. They accosted him by remarking, "You have a fine view here; you will see a great way." "Oo aye, oo aye, a fery great way." "Ah! you will see America from here?" "Farrer than that," said Donald. "Ah! how that?" "Oo, just wait till the mist gangs awa, an' you'll see the mune."

The weather throughout France is wretched. The usually clean streets of Paris are converted into rivers of mud, into which the foot sinks to the ankle. In the southern and central departments extreme floods have taken place.

**KINGWOOD TUNNEL ON THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.**

For a description of this stupendous work, we quote from a recent publication, entitled, "The Great Railway Celebrations of 1857," edited by William Prescott Smith, Esq., of Baltimore, Maryland:

"This subterranean passage, four thousand one hundred feet in length, not including its approach cuts, was made. Crowds of laborers spent nearly three years in opening it, and another year and a half in arching it with brick, iron and stone.

"The entire cost of the tunnel, in all its elements, from the first to its present complete state, has exceeded a million of dollars. The formidable character of this great work, originally, will be appreciated when we state that some two hundred thousand cubic yards of earth and rock were removed in constructing the tunnel itself and grading its approaches. A still greater triumph of skill and industry, perhaps, has been since achieved in the work of widening for two tracks, and permanently arching this great tunnel. To Wendell Bollman, the road master, and his splendid operating corps, the credit for this is due, while Mr. Latrobe's name properly graces the capstone as its chief engineer."

This triumph of mechanical skill, thus faithfully portrayed by the artistic picture presented to our readers, has been truthfully rendered by a new and beautiful process of engraving styled "Graphotype," an invention of D. C. Hitchcock, the well-known artist, and Dr. E. B. Larchar, of this city. It was produced by this process in one and a half hours, whereas, by the usual mode of engraving on wood, it would require about two days to produce the same cut. The expense by the new process is twenty-five per cent. less than that of wood engraving. The plate upon which the drawing is made is chalk, compressed under heavy pressure, and with a chemical ink, which ink becomes immediately hard like stone, when coming in contact with the chalk. The artist, with pen or brush, draws his design to be engraved, the intervening spaces, being still chalk capable of pulverization, are brushed away, and the hardened lines remain in relief, thus giving a perfect representation of the original drawing without the slightest chance of disfiguring the picture obtained from the hands of the artist. From this plate, on which elaborate and splendid drawings can be made, electrotypes can be taken, and in a few hours they are ready for the press, thereby saving the tedious delay and expense of wood engraving. We shall take great pleasure in noticing the developments of this new process, and present our many readers with such subjects of interest by this new method as will, we trust, establish this invention as one of importance and usefulness. The Graphotype Company are represented in business connection with J. S. Talbot and W. S. Tisdale, co-proprietors, and have their office at No. 156 William, corner of Ann street, New York city.

(From the New Haven Morning Journal and Courier, Jan. 7, 1861.)

**ANOTHER FORT CAPTURED!**

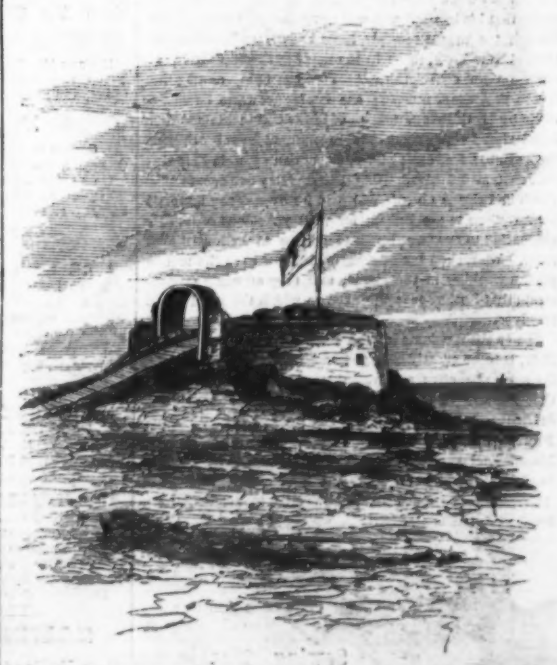
The Palmetto Flag waving over a

CONNECTICUT FORTRESS!

**TREASON IN CONNECTICUT!**

"Our citizens were surprised, yesterday morning, by discovering an immense Palmetto flag waving from the walls of Fort Hale, near the mouth of our harbor. The flag bore the Secession emblem—a Palmetto Tree and a Lone Star—and was hoisted on a fifty feet staff, so that it was visible for miles around.

"The Government, some time ago, removed all the troops from Fort Hale, and the harbor and city have since then been entirely defenceless, so that the traitors had easy work in seizing the fort. Intense excitement was created by the appearance of the treasonable emblem, and it was universally declared that it must come down. Fortunately, Fort Wooster, on Beacon Hill, commands



FORT HALE, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, WITH THE SECESSION FLAG FLYING.



Fort Hale, and it can be easily demolished, should the garrison (which rumor says is composed of Southern students) attempt any resistance. In the language of the New York Express, "Woe! woe! alas! alas!"

Our readers are earnestly requested not to be alarmed, for notwithstanding the terrific captions in large capitals at the commencement of the article and the graphic truth of the illustration, the whole affair turned out to be a good-natured and harmless hoax!

### THE BINDING OF FRANK LESLIE'S NEWSPAPER.

We can now furnish uniform covers for Vol. 10 of this newspaper, in black muslin gilt, for fifty cents, or by mail, prepaid, 75 cents. Also the title, copious index and list of engravings, price five cents; or both inclusive, by mail, eighty cents. No. 19 City Hall Square, New York.

**A ROCKING CHAIR WITHOUT ROCKERS.**—The "reception" Rocking Chair sold by Terry & Wells, No. 652 Broadway, stand on castors and rock without rockers. They are made in all the various styles of the ordinary arm chairs now used in parlors and chambers, and present a similar appearance. The rocking movement can be stopped by a catch, and the chair held rigidly either upright or at any inclination desired. This makes them very convenient for invalid chairs, for which purpose certain styles of them have been found very satisfactory. As a library, or study chair, admitting as they do of easy change of position, they relieve the fatigue of protracted sitting. They are particularly appropriate as a present to an aged parent or invalid friend. The entire absence of rockers, which wear carpets so injuriously, and are ever in the way, is the one great feature of this new invention.

**EXTRACTS FROM PUNCH—TO CAPITALISTS.**—The best paper to invest in at the present time is Anthony's Stereoscopic Views. Greater interest can be derived from them than from any other investment. They will also prove sources of interest to your wives, children and friends, a remarkable instance of the cumulative result of compound interest.

**A QUERY FOR THE STATESMAN AND THE PHILOSOPHER.**—In case of a dissolution of the Union, will Anthony's American Scenery change into Dissolving Views? Let the curious buy a quantity and watch.

**TEST FOR ANTHONY'S INSTANTANEOUS VIEWS.**—Are they taken quick enough to catch a weasel asleep? A trial will be made on the first animal brought in.

**CONUNDRUM.**—Two men made a bet as to who could eat the most oysters. One eat four hundred and ninety-nine, the other eat five hundred and seven. How many did the winner eat? Most persons would say 501; and we hope everybody will keep saying 501, 501, 501 until they have been to Anthony's, No. 501 Broadway, and bought their Stereoscopic Views, their Photographic Albums, and their card portraits of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, Napoleon, Garibaldi and all the celebrities of the day.

**Bronchitis.**  
FROM REV. S. SEIGFRIED, Morristown, Ohio: "Having received the most salutary relief in Bronchitis, by the use of your excellent 'Troches,' I write for another supply. I had tried several Cough and Bronchitis remedies, but none with a relief at all comparing with that experienced from the Troches." Brown's Bronchial Troches are sold by all Druggists.

### To Preserve and Dress the Hair.

One of the best dressings for the Hair ever invented is BURNETT'S COCOAINE. Ladies dressing their Hair elaborately for the evening, will find that it will keep it in shape for hours. Its qualities as preventing the hair from falling are truly remarkable.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

(From the Rochester Daily Union & Advertiser, Dec. 29, 1860.)

**MOORE'S RURAL FAIR AHEAD.**—UNPARALLELED SUCCESS.—In a recent notice of the Rural New Yorker we called it an "institution," and can now add that it is chartered, not only in "these United States," but in Canada, the Southern Confederacy, and several elsewhere. During the present week friend Moore has received abundant evidence that his institution is more popular than ever before. Though the largest receipts have been from Western and Central New York, those from other States and Canada are "more than considerable." For example, among his favors yesterday morning one remittance from Canada—made by H. C. Bingham, Esq., of Brant Co.—contained four hundred and eighty six dollars, in payment for subscriptions to the Rural for 1861; and one from an agent in Erie Co., Pa., contained \$181 25. On Christmas Day two agents only (both in Orleans Co., N. Y.) paid for over seven hundred subscriptions to the Rural, for next year—one of its lists amounting to over five hundred dollars at the lowest club rates. We reckon such figures will throw even the metropolitan weeklies in the shade, and they certainly demonstrate that Rochester is the axis on which the rural world revolves.

The twelfth volume of the Rural, commencing Jan. 5, 1861, is to be greatly enlarged and improved, rendering it far more attractive and valuable. We need scarcely add that Moore's Rural New Yorker is the most popular and extensively circulated Rural, Literary and Family Weekly Newspaper in America—or that it is published by D. D. T. Moore, Rochester, N. Y., at \$2 per annum, and much less to clubs, for which liberal inducements are offered. The publisher sends specimens, show bills, inducements, &c. free.



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FOR Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Severe Wounds, Salt Rheum, Felons and Inflammatory Rheumatism, there is no remedy that approaches it.

It is a specific for Piles, quickly and thoroughly curing every case without a possibility of failure, by the application of less than one box.

It stands alone in its remedial excellence. None genuine unless signed, M. H. BOWYER. Price 25 cents per box. Wholesale and retail Depot, No. 345 Broome St., near the Bowery, and at the Druggists generally. Sent by mail, 50 cents.

### The Franklin Almanac AND DIARY For 1861.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE A COPY SENT BY MAIL, POSTAGE PAID, ON RECEIPT OF 25 CENTS, IN POSTAGE STAMPS OR SILVER.

On receipt of One Dollar five copies will be sent postage paid. Address B. F. SANFORD, Cincinnati, Ohio.

This exceedingly valuable work needs only to be examined to have an immense sale. In addition to the Almanac Department, the Diary portion affords a ample space for making MEMORANDA ENTRIES FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR. This will enable every family who may become possessed of a copy of

### The Franklin Almanac and Diary

to keep up a daily record of events, or a family history, which, in after times, will be prized as a great treasure. This record or "Diary" should show the state of the weather, the appearance of the farmer's crops, the kind of labor engaged in, the time of seeding and harvesting, the health of the household, and notices of such other events as may have a bearing on the personal history of the family. THE FRANKLIN ALMANAC for '57, '58, '59 and '60 had an immense sale. The publisher received orders by mail from every State and nearly every Territory in the Union. And many who purchased declared they would not do without it even if it cost one dollar a copy!

### LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

HOMCHITTA P. O., Miss., Sept. 8, 1860.  
MR. B. F. SANFORD: The times are hard, but we cannot do without THE FRANKLIN ALMANAC. You will please send me twenty-five as soon as they are ready. One man was so well pleased with his last Winter that he would have me then take pay for him for 1861. I would not do without THE FRANKLIN ALMANAC for five times what one costs. I have been farming for twenty years, and if I could have such a record as I have kept for the past three years (since I got hold of THE FRANKLIN ALMANAC), I would not take one hundred dollars for the record. We cannot meet the past, but will try to improve by what we have learned. Send my Almanac to Homochitta Post Office, Franklin County, Miss., and oblige yours, JAMES D. ROBERTS.

B. F. SANFORD, Esq.—DEAR SIR: The five FRANKLIN ALMANACS I ordered of you arrived by to-day's mail, and in three hours they were disposed of. Send me five more for the dollar inclosed herein. H. R. NEFF. Louisville P. O., Ill., Dec. 20, 1860.

MR. B. F. SANFORD: Please send me your FRANKLIN ALMANAC for 1861. I have had a copy for each year since it is most valuable publication was started; and my three FRANKLIN ALMANACS for '57, '58 and '59 could not be bought, if they are all ones. I don't see why every man does not use them; at least, I cannot do without them. I keep the temperature of the weather every morning, whether rainy or clear; what I work at; what I sell; when I sow; when I plant; the health of my family; the visits of my friends, &c., &c. Yours truly, E. SAYRE. Meigs Co., Ohio.

MR. B. F. SANFORD: Last season I purchased one of your FRANKLIN ALMANACS, and I would not now take \$5 for it. Herewith I send you \$1 for five copies for 18 0. JOSEPH POTTS. Centerville, Morrow Co., O., Dec. 12, 1860.

MR. B. F. SANFORD: I have received of you five FRANKLIN ALMANACS. On their arrival they were all sold, even before the mail started away. I send you \$1 for five more. G. G. MORGAN, P. M. Elizaville, Ky., Dec. 15, 1860.

MR. B. F. SANFORD: The ten FRANKLIN ALMANACS I ordered of you arrived two days ago. They are all sold. Please forward me twenty in re. DAVID ALDRICH. Washington, Ky., Dec. 14, 1860.

MR. B. F. SANFORD: The five FRANKLIN ALMANACS I received of you were sold within fifteen minutes after their arrival here. I inclose in this \$2. Send me ten copies more immediately. S. P. MORROW, P. M. Republican P. O., Darke Co., O., Dec. 16, 1860.

FAIRFIELD, Vt., Dec. 12, 1860.  
MR. B. F. SANFORD: I have already sent for fifteen of your FRANKLIN ALMANACS for 1861, which were promptly received, and met with an immediate sale. I now send for ten more, for which find \$2 inclosed in payment. JOHN HENDRICKS.

### HOW TO GET THE FRANKLIN ALMANAC AND DIARY.

If your Merchant or Postmaster has not got it for sale, inclose twenty-five cents in silver or postage stamps in a letter, and address it to

B. F. SANFORD,

Corner of Fourth and Walnut Sts., Cincinnati, O., Or send a One Dollar Bank Note for Five Copies. On receipt of the money, the FRANKLIN ALMANAC AND DIARY will be forwarded by first mail, and sent POSTAGE PAID.

### Holloway's Pills

ARE the great antagonists of Dyspepsia, the ruling and raging disorder of this continent. This dire contagion is rooted out and vanquished by a course of this powerful anti-bilious remedy. Vertigo and all the consequences of this complaint vanish under its influence. Sold at the manufactory, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all Druggists, at 25 cts., 63 cts. and \$1 per box.

**IMPORTANT INVENTION FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.**—For particulars address, inclosing stamp DR. H. HIRSHFIELD, Surgeon and Accoucheur, 438 Broadway, New York

**DIPHTHERIA (PUTRID SORE THROAT) AND CROUP.**—THAKS' MAGNETIC OINTMENT will certainly prevent and cure these alarming diseases if used early. Apply to the throat and chest and cover with a hot flannel. See Pamphlet with full directions around each bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 cents. 269-720 D. RANSOM & CO., Earlville, N. Y.

### SANDS' SARSAPARILLA

For Delicate Females and Young Children.

This famous Purifier of the Blood is the cheapest, safest and best alternative and curative medicine they can take. Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, No. 100 Fulton St., New York.

CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION TO THE MARRIED.—Address, with stamp, box 675, Milan, Ohio.

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### The House of Bishops.

Protestant Episcopal Church, United States, 1860.

ORIGINAL DRAWING, IN INDIA INK, BY SCHEUSELLE.

Subscriptions are now being received for the Crayon-Litho Engraving executed from said drawing, and which will be published in a few weeks. Subscription List closes February 1st.

Size of Engraving, 20 by 36 Inches.

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The American Edition will be dedicated, by permission, to BISHOP BROWNELL (predecessor Bishop); the English Edition, by special permission, to the PRINCE OF WALES. KEY, WITH FAC-SIMILE OF THE AUTOGRAPHS OF THE BISHOPS, 50 CENTS EXTRA.

The profits derived from the sale of this Engraving will be devoted to assisting to build Parishes in weak Parishes, in Arkansas, Texas, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska and Minnesota. A donation will be given as promised to the Bishops of China and Africa.

The fund realized will be vested in Trustees (the Bishops of said Dioceses), who will see it properly laid out.

Subscription list now open at the Office, 701 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., and the following places in New York: General Protestant Episcopal S. S. Union and Church Book Society, Depository 762 Broadway; Evangelical Knowledge Society, 11 Bible House; Anson Randolph's Book Store, 483 Broadway; and at Goupil & Co.'s, 772 Broadway, corner Ninth St.

All letters to be addressed to the REV. W. T. CAMPBELL, 708 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

269-72

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Office, 409 Broadway, New York.

G. SMITH & CO., Sole Proprietors. N. B.—Descriptive Circulars SENT FREE. Agents wanted everywhere. 266-78

### MATRIMONY MADE EASY; OR, HOW TO WIN A LOVER.

Containing plain common-sense directions, showing how all may be suitably married, irrespective of age, sex or position, whether prepossessing or otherwise. This is a new work, and the secret, when acted upon, secures a speedy and happy marriage to either sex. Mailed free for 25 cents in cash or postage stamps. Address T. WILLIAM & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia Post Office Box 2,500.

### Bogle's Hair Dye and Wigs

ARE unapproached and unapproachable in their superior merits. Both are perfection. Try the one, see the other, and be convinced. Private Rooms for Dyeing Hair and fitting Wigs at BOGGLE'S Hairwork, Perfumery and Toilet Bazaar, No. 202 Washington St., Boston. Diagrams to measure the head sent by mail. Inclose postage stamp for reply. 000

SENT FREE—FOR THE BENEFIT OF NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—The Warning Voice, on the self-cure of Debility, Confusion of Ideas, &c., by a FORMER SUFFERER. Containing, also, an exposure of the Impostions and Deceptions practiced by Quacks. Inclosing Stamp, simply address Box 3818, Boston, Mass. 268-71

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In it the true nature and cause of disease are fully and rationally explained, and one of its principal objects is to teach

### How to Keep Well.

But as some from Hereditary affections, or supposed unavoidable causes do not enjoy health, one department of the JOURNAL is devoted to articles relative to the treatment of diseases, where you may learn

### How to Recover Health when Sick.

The JOURNAL is now in the fifteenth year of publication and thousands in every part of the country are ready to testify to the priceless benefits they have derived from its perusal.

Published monthly at \$1 a year. Five copies, \$3; ten copies, \$5. FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.

### Pianofortes.

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The most delightful and genuine liquid and dry Perfumes for the present season, comprising the fragrance of the earliest and latest flowers, as well as the most approved Bouquets.

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FRENCH BISCOTTINE, the most approved food for Infants. GLYCERINE JELLY, for chapped Skin. CHILBLAINS BALM SWISS CORN PLASTER, an infallible cure for Corns and Bunions. To be had, wholesale and retail, at No. 609 Broadway, New York. EUGENE DUPUY, Chemist and Druggist.

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FOR SHALER'S FLEXIBLE ROLLER PATENT FLOOR SKATES, Depot, No. 446 Broadway, New York.

These skates run on a naked floor, or on any carpet or oilcloth, without injuring them the least, and perfectly imitate ice skating. With them any person can acquire the art of skating in a few days, while experienced ice-skaters will find great benefit from exercise and practice upon these Floor Skates previous to, or even during the season of ice-skating.

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This instrument, which is now offered to the public in this city, radically differs in principle and action from all others in use, combining every valuable point in other Trusses, besides several points of the highest value never before attained. Among some of the advantages claimed for this instrument are these: It has a SOFT, PLIANT, METALLIC BOW; graduating pressure power PERFECTLY CONTROLLABLE; INWARD and UPPER ACTION combined; NO UNCOMFORTABLE PRESSURE on the BACK, and none on the SPERMATIC CORD; does not work out of place; PERFECTLY CLEAN; SMALLEST, LIGHTEST, CHEAPEST, MOST DURABLE, SHOWS least, holds the rupture in every case, requires less than one-half the usual pressure, and is a radical cure. The ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS are on the same principle. Pamphlets gratis. Elegant rooms are fitted up for Ladies and Gentlemen by the Proprietors, GREGORY & CO., No. 25 Bond St., N. Y., for their adjustment.

These Instruments are also offered at wholesale by Messrs. D. S. BARRETT & CO., Nos. 13 and 15 Park Row; Messrs. SCHREIBER'S BROTHERS, No. 170 William St., and by all first-class drug houses throughout the country.

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### Flavoring Extracts for Culinary Purposes.

We make the following Extracts for flavoring in Cookery and Desserts, which may be relied on for convenience and excellence, viz:

GINGER, RED PEPPER, VANILLA, ALMOND, NUTMEG, CLOVES, ROSE, ORANGE, ALLSPICE, CINNAMON, CELERY, PEACH.

A trial only is necessary to be convinced of their superiority. They will be found of unusual strength, but on account of their purity, the taste only is necessary to limit the quantity used.

Put up in BOTTLES, assorted or otherwise, to suit the trade. Manufactured by BLAIR & WYETH, Philadelphia, for the trade of WILLIAM FRAZIER & CO., No. 74 Broadway, New York.



## Miscellaneous.

**THE AMALGAMATION OF LANGUAGES.**—There is a growing tendency in this age to appropriate the most expressive words of other languages, and after a while to incorporate them into our own; thus the word *Cephalic*, which is from the Greek, signifying "for the head," is now becoming popularized in connection with Mr. Spalding's great Headache remedy, but it will soon be used in a more general way, and the word *Cephalic* will become as common as *Electricity*, and many others whose distinction as foreign words has been worn away by common usage until they seem "native and to the manor born."

## 'Ardly Realized.

Hi 'ad 'n 'orrible 'eadache this hafternoon, hand I stopped into the haphothery's, hand says hi to the man, "Can you hease me of an 'eadache?" "Does it hache 'ard?" says 'e. "Hexceedingly," says hi, hand upon that 'e gave me a Cephalic Pill, hand 'pon me 'onor it cured me so quick that I 'ardly realized I 'ad 'ad an 'eadache.

**HEADACHE** is the favorite sign by which nature makes known any deviation whatever from the natural state of the brain, and viewed in this light it may be looked on as a safeguard intended to give notice of disease which might otherwise escape attention till too late to be remedied, and its indications should never be neglected. Headache, and its indications under two names, viz.: Symptomatic and Idiopathic. Symptomatic Headache is exceedingly common and is the precursor of a great variety of diseases, among which are Apoplexy, Gout, Rheumatism and all febrile diseases. In its nervous form it is sympathetic of disease of the stomach constituting sick headache, of hepatic disease constituting bilious headache, of worms, constipation and other disorders of the bowels, as well as renal and uterine affections. Diseases of the heart are very frequently attended with Headaches. Anemia and plethora are also affections which frequently occasion headache. Idiopathic Headache is also very common, being usually distinguished by the name of *nervous headache*, sometimes coming on suddenly in a state of apparently sound health and prostrating at once the mental and physical energies, and in other instances it comes on slowly, heralded by depression of spirits or acerbity of temper. In most instances the pain is in the front of the head, over one or both eyes, and sometimes provoking vomiting; under this class may also be named *Neuralgia*.

For the treatment of either class of Headache the Cephalic Pills have been found a sure and safe remedy, relieving the most acute pains in a few minutes, and by its subtle power eradicating the diseases of which Headache is the unerring index.

**BANGER.**—Mieus wants you to send her a box of Cephalic Pills, no, a bottle of Prepared Pills—but I'm thinking that's not just it neither; but perhaps you'll be a kinder knowing what it is. Ye see she's nigh dead and gone with the Sick Headache, and wants some more of that same as relaid her before.

**DRUMMER.**—You must mean Spalding's Cephalic Pills. **BANGER.**—Och! I sure now and you've sed it; here's the quarter and give me the Pills, and don't be all day about it aither.

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No one of the "many ills flesh is heir to" is so prevalent so little understood, and so much neglected as Costiveness. Often originating in carelessness or sedentary habits, it is regarded as a slight disorder of too little consequence to excite anxiety, while in reality it is the precursor and companion of many of the most fatal and dangerous diseases, and unless early eradicated it will bring the sufferer to an untimely grave. Among the lighter evils of which Costiveness is the usual attendant are Headache, Colic, Rheumatism, Piles, and others of like nature, while a long train of frightful diseases such as Malignant Fever, Abscesses, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Dyspepsia, Apoplexy, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Hysteria, Hypochondriasis, Melancholy and Insanity, first indicate their presence in the system by this alarming symptom. Not unfrequently the diseases named originate in Constipation, but take on an independent existence unless the cause is eradicated in an early stage. From all these considerations it follows that the disorder should receive immediate attention whenever it occurs, and no person should neglect to get a box of Cephalic Pills on the first appearance of the complaint, as their timely use will expel the insidious approaches of disease and destroy this dangerous foe to human life.

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## CURE

# Sick Headache,

## CURE

# Nervous Headache,

## CURE

# All kinds of Headache.

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FOR JANUARY, 1861

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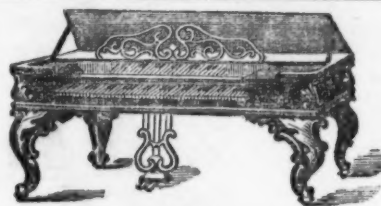
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